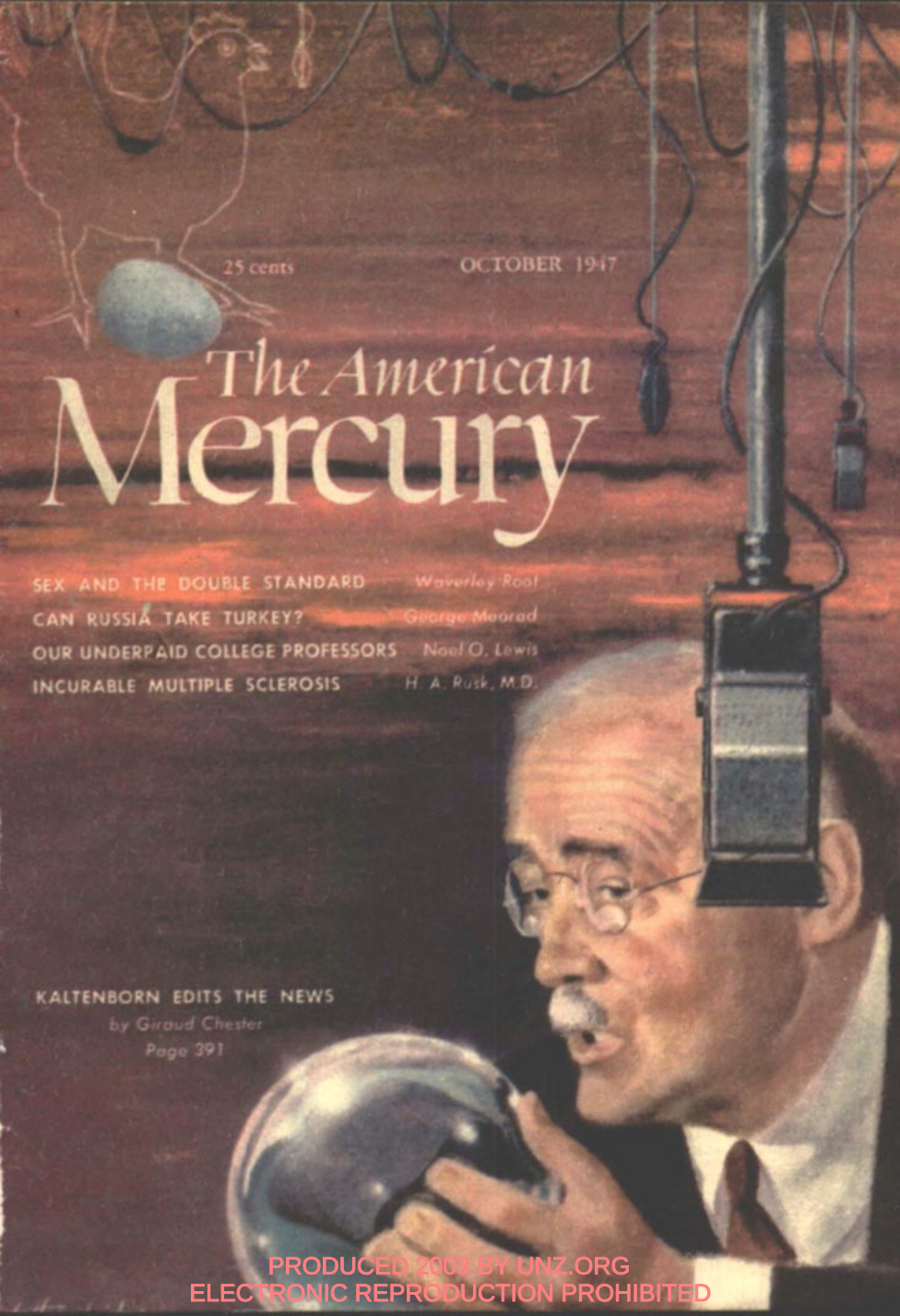




25 cents

OCTOBER 1947

The American Mercury

SEX AND THE DOUBLE STANDARD

Waverley Root

CAN RUSSIA TAKE TURKEY?

George Moorad

OUR UNDERPAID COLLEGE PROFESSORS

Noel O. Lewis

INCURABLE MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS

H. A. Rusk, M.D.

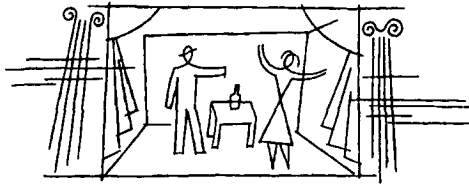
KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS

by Giraud Chester

Page 391

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George Jean Nathan's Theatre

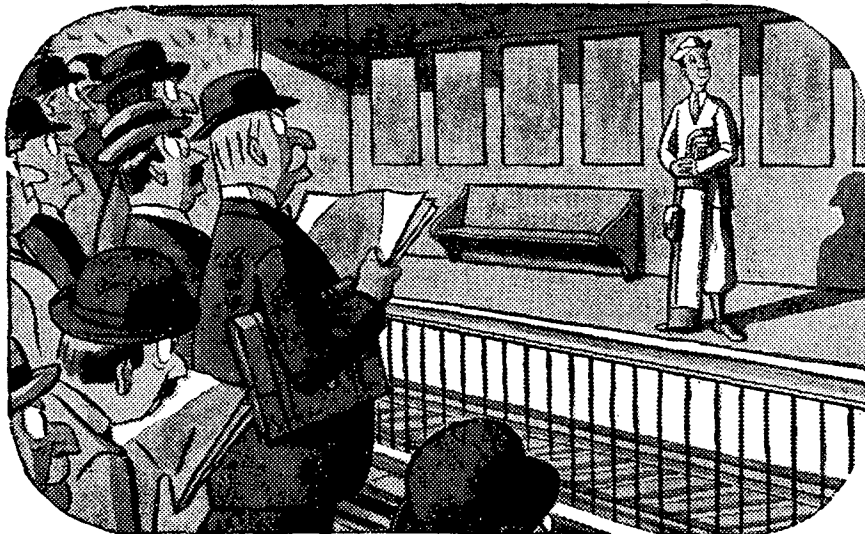


To some the theatre is light frolicsome entertainment. To others it is a cultural institution of sober import. Among reviewers of theatrical performances there is a similar difference in point of view. Which is why so much theatrical criticism is so unsatisfactory—it is either not worth reading or it is unreadable.

The outstanding exception, by general consent, is George Jean Nathan, the most readable, the best informed, and the soundest dramatic critic in the United States—and one of the most esteemed in the world.

His favorable comment on a play is often of more significance to a playwright than a successful run on Broadway. His unfavorable comment, in the words of a victim, is “a fate worse than death.”

The Theatre, George Jean Nathan's department, is one of the popular and distinctive features of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. It is followed eagerly by most dramatists, play producers, and intelligent playgoers in the country. It is read and enjoyed by a select and distinguished audience—the thinking men and women who are the regular readers of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.



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PUZZLE:

Station Scene, 1957. Find the man who is getting a steady income from U. S. Savings Bonds. He was smart enough to start buying, back in 1947.

Of all the ways of saving up a tidy sum of money, one of the *easiest* and *safest* ways is to invest your money in U. S. Bonds.

You can buy Bonds either through the Payroll Savings Plan at your place of business—or if the Payroll Plan is not

available to you, but you *do* have a checking account, through the Bond-a-Month Plan at your local bank.

Both ways repay you \$4 for every \$3 you save, by the time your Bonds mature. Choose the sum you can afford—and start saving today!

**Save the easy, automatic way
—with U.S. Savings Bonds**

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with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.*



Let's Wake Up

Millions of bushels of food may rot in our fields this harvest time, instead of being available to the world's markets—because we are short of freight cars. Here is a way that thousands of cars can be freed for service in a hurry.

ARE you interested in the price of food? Does it give you a twinge to see those pictures of mountains of wheat piled on the ground and potatoes going to rot—when there's a desperate world food crisis?

The bottle-neck is our freight-car shortage. But thousands of cars could be freed by a single decision—if old-line railroad managements would act.

Don't Blame the War!

This is hard to believe, but it's true: we have today only three-fourths as many freight cars in our country as we had twenty years ago. This shrunken fleet is now called on to handle the greatest peacetime traffic in history. And the war itself is not to blame for the shortage—for in no single year from 1925 to the start of hostilities did the railroad industry buy as many cars as it junked. Twenty years is a long time for even Rip Van Winkle to sleep!



Are old-line managements asleep in the dell while many freight trains creep at a snail's pace—by agreement?

What Can Be Done?

There is at least one remedy that can be applied at once—despite the steel shortage and other difficulties in car-building. This remedy requires no

Rip Van Winkle!

new equipment, no period of time to work out—nothing but an act of management:

Lift what appear to be agreements between railroads that deliberately slow down freight trains!

Here is an example. There are eight important routes by which you can ship "fast" freight from California to Chicago. These routes vary in length as much as 450 miles. But, curiously, the time schedule for each of the eight is exactly 118 hours—and 30 minutes!

Similarly, scheduled freight trains moving west over the important routes from Chicago to the Coast areas, despite great differences in terrain and mileage, take exactly 130 hours—on the nose!

Is This Free Competition?

Could it be that these schedules are fixed by agreement? That the trains which could be fastest are held back for the slowest—so that no road can have even the slightest competitive advantage?

Railroad men know that, in many instances, a whole day could be cut off these schedules between Califor-

nia and Chicago—if managements would simply order it. If that were done, on these roads and on others, it would ease the national car shortage at once!

There is good reason to believe that by lifting deliberate freight slowdowns, on the roads that still practice them, we could provide more cars this summer and fall than our shops can possibly build. And every car is desperately needed!

A Call For Action!

The next few weeks will be the critical ones in our food problem. Our wheat crop is estimated to exceed any previous record by 300 million bushels. *It is even now being piled in the fields—for want of cars.*

If you feel as strongly about this as the C&O does, write to your newspaper and your congressman. Do it today while it is on your mind.

Ask them to stir up Rip Van Winkle—and tell him that time is short. Demand that our trains be scheduled not merely to suit the private deals of the railroads, but so that we can make the best use, for the whole public, of our shamefully depleted stock of freight cars!

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

Terminal Tower, Cleveland 1, Ohio

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VOLUME LXV

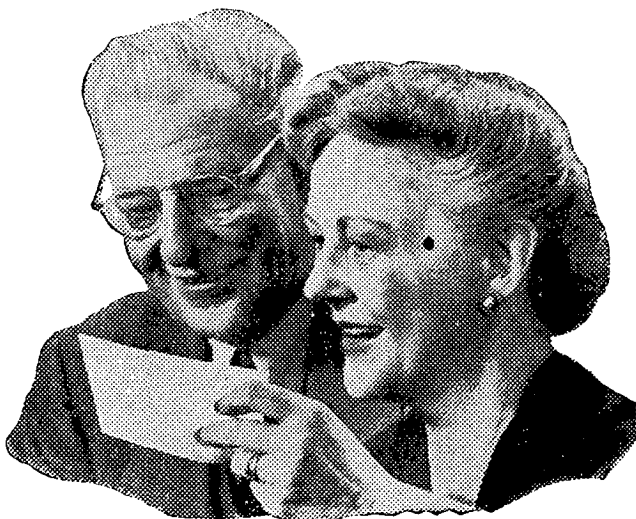
OCTOBER 1947

NUMBER 286

Kaltenborn Edits the News	Giraud Chester	391
Sex and the Double Standard	Waverley Root	403
Experience, <i>A Poem</i>	John Van Brakle	409
Can Russia Take Turkey?	George Moorad	410
Release, <i>A Poem</i>	G. E. Hunter	415
The Failure of Journalism Schools	Chet Vonier	416
Autumn, <i>A Poem</i>	David Morton	424
New York, the Empire State	Sam Shulsky	425
<i>Phrase Origins</i> — 19	Morris Rosenblum	433
THE SKEPTICS' CORNER	Bergen Evans	434
Our Underpaid College Professors	Noel O. Lewis	439
Old Women, <i>A Poem</i>	Frances Frost	447
Incurable Multiple Sclerosis	Howard A. Rusk, M.D.	450
THE THEATRE: The Drama's Four Horsemen	George Jean Nathan	455
Sacrilege, <i>A Story</i>	Ed McNamara	461
THE SOAP BOX		468
Big Business and the Arts	Benjamin M. Steigman	473
Short Story, <i>A Poem</i>	Charles Angoff	480
DOWN TO EARTH: The Unicorn	Alan Devoe	481
Buttermilk Tom	Stanley Walker	485
The Staircase, <i>A Poem</i>	Sianna Solum	492
THE LIBRARY: The American Tradition	Ben Ray Redman	493
THE CHECK LIST		501
THE OPEN FORUM		505
COVER (H. V. Kaltenborn) by Arthur Lidov		

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A Pioneer in Pensions

Bell System Plan for Employee Pensions and Benefits has been in effect for thirty-four years.

Long before there was any thought of Social Security or of pensions by most companies, the Bell System instituted a Pension Plan for its employees. The plan went into effect in 1913.

The Bell System Pension Plan was not only one of the first pension plans but it has continued to be one of the best for employees. The full cost is paid by the Company. The employee is not called upon to contribute anything.

16,967 Bell System employees (10,769 men and 6,198 women)

were receiving pensions at the end of 1946.

The Pension Plan is part of a comprehensive Benefit Plan that also covers sickness, accident, disability and death payments. These were paid to more than 110,000 employees and their dependents in 1946. During that year, one Bell System employee in every seven benefited directly from the sickness provisions alone.

All of this is in the interest of the public as well as telephone employees. Because for you to have good service we must have good people to give it to you.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



KAYWOODIE

The KAYWOODIE organization had been supplying the demand for its pipes for a quarter of a century in 1876 when the telephone came along and was among the first to install a telephone.



Look to past performance for future pipe-enjoyment

The KAYWOODIE organization, 25 years older than the telephone, was established in 1851. Generations of smokers have enjoyed relaxation and pleasure from our pipes, with advances in technique pioneered by KAYWOODIE. Today's KAYWOODIES provide greater pleasure than ever.

At dealers: Made of imported briar, specially selected and seasoned by us. KAYWOODIE Company, New York and London. 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y. Folder on request.

HOW TO TELL THE
GENUINE KAYWOODIE



LOOK FOR THE CLOVERLEAF
and brand name on the stem



Super-Grain
Vest Pocket Poker
Shape
\$3

Drinkless Kaywoodie \$3.50, Super-Grain \$5, Relief-Grain \$7.50,
Flame-Grain \$10, Silhouette \$10, Meerschaum Lined \$12.50, Connoisseur \$15, "Ninety-Fiver" \$20, Centennial \$25.

The American Mercury

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS

BY

GIRAUD CHESTER

WHEN H. V. Kaltenborn left New York last July on a seven-week round-the-world fact-finding tour for his daily radio commentaries, he took with him the good wishes of several million faithful listeners and the maledictions of thousands who, unsuccessful in their attempts to get him put off the air, have vent their spleen in fan mail bearing such gifts as rat poison and Manila hemp nooses. But 69-year-old Hans von Kaltenborn is not a man to be disturbed by such trivialities. He can recall the unwavering luck that has attended him throughout his life. In 1909, traveling south with the John Jacob Astors on

their yacht, he safely rode out a hurricane in San Juan harbor while the Brooklyn *Eagle* ran a 1300-word obituary on him. In 1926 he was a passenger on a Cape Cod express which was wrecked. Three persons were killed, but Kaltenborn emerged unscathed, collected details of the accident and wired them to his newspaper. Once last year he was scheduled to fly home from Berlin on a plane which crashed off Newfoundland on its eastern flight. Due in New York in time to join Lowell Thomas in opening the Fred Allen fall series, he hurriedly made new arrangements for a return flight from Eire. Arriving

GIRAUD CHESTER is assistant professor of speech at Cornell University. He recently concluded a full-length study of H. V. Kaltenborn under a special scholarship at the University of Wisconsin. This article is based on it. He contributed "Power of the Radio Commentator" to the September MERCURY and is preparing studies of other analysts.

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at LaGuardia airport on Sunday after two sleepless nights, he was whisked to Radio City in time for the scheduled rehearsals, and played his part that evening on the air.

A man of extraordinary stamina and drive, enjoying superb health, Kaltenborn seems to have the character of "pure act" that Henry Adams saw in Theodore Roosevelt. During election week last year he did a special midnight round table broadcast, delivered a public lecture at Town Hall and debated on America's Town Meeting of the Air — all in addition to his five radio commentaries and other routine commitments.

Ever since his 85 sensational broadcasts during the 18-day Munich crisis ("I don't suppose that ever before in the history of radio has anybody ever talked so much over so many stations so many times in so short a time on so exciting an occasion," he later wrote), Kaltenborn has enjoyed a public recognition and financial return equalled by few journalists in the history of the country. The broadcasts established him as a nation-wide personality and authority, and enabled him to get \$1000 for the same lectures that previously had drawn \$15. He was soon being publicized as the "world's best informed and most unbiased commentator on European affairs." Hollywood invited him to play himself in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington." The New York World Fair presented him as the Voice of the World of Tomorrow. The managers of a hundred radio stations gave him a silver

cup for service "beyond the sphere of duty." Hamilton College and the University of Wisconsin honored him with doctorates. A public opinion survey showed him to be the favorite radio commentator of almost 40 per cent of those people who had favorites. When war came, he took out a large map, used colored pins for lines, made simple deductions, and became a military analyst. After the battle of Midway in June 1942, he said, "If I were to guess what piece of Allied territory lost to the Japanese would first be wrested from them, I would guess Wake Island." In March 1944 he said, "Wake Island is likely to be one of our next objectives in the central Pacific." Wake Island did not fall until Tokyo capitulated, but Kaltenborn maintained a Hooperating that led all other daily commentators and "Kaltenborn Edits the War News" became a newsreel as well as a radio feature.

His annual income has been estimated at as much as \$450,000. He sports the self-selected title, "Dean of American News Commentators," and in justification he can point to 25 years of radio commentary, a tenure far exceeding that of any other member of the Association of Radio News Analysts over which he presides.

Kaltenborn broadcast his first analysis in the days of the "cat's whisker" radio sets when, assisted by two singing entertainers, he discussed the big news event of April 4, 1922 — John L. Lewis and the coal strike. Editing the Brooklyn *Eagle* kept him busy

most of the time, but throughout the twenties he broadcast weekly half-hour talks over New York stations. Facing a salary cut at the *Eagle* in 1930, he resigned and joined the Columbia Broadcasting System as a \$100-a-week staff commentator. Commenting twice weekly, he began to acquire a following. He covered Franklin Roosevelt's first inauguration with short-wave equipment in a car that went up Pennsylvania Avenue behind the President-elect. Within two minutes after Roosevelt finished his address, Kaltenborn was analyzing it.

He achieved a measure of national fame in 1936 with three broadcasts from Spain, when he made it possible for listeners to hear some of the sounds of war for the first time in radio history. His broadcasts during the Munich crisis were made from New York as a sustaining news feature, but the publicity that followed brought offers from many sponsors. General Mills was interested in spending \$50,000 on an institutional advertising experiment and offered him a thirteen-week contract. Kaltenborn accepted. When the flour company received complaints about Kaltenborn's pro-Loyalist sympathies in the Spanish civil war, it failed to renew the series. The Pure Oil company then gave him the most favorable contract any radio man had ever received, and transferred his broadcasts in 1940 to the National Broadcasting Company. Kaltenborn was guaranteed complete freedom of expression plus the right to speak extemporaneously and with whatever

amount of preparation he alone deemed necessary. In return he assumed sole legal responsibility for all libel suits which were based on remarks he made in his commentaries. No such suits have been instituted. In May 1942, having found the series an advertising success, Pure Oil gave its commentator a substantial salary increase and put him on "across the board," with a network coverage that encompassed most of the nation. Kaltenborn has remained in this favorable broadcasting spot. His 250 broadcasts a year have made his voice, his patterned vocal inflections and his individualized pronunciations familiar to every literate American.

II

Although Kaltenborn has commented on a multitude of public issues in his quarter-century of radio analysis, with no subjects has he so often been identified as an authority as with German and European politics. Some listeners may not go along with his comments on American politics, but few question his expertness in foreign affairs, for he has made some 30-odd trips abroad, he speaks three foreign languages and he has interviewed most contemporary statesmen from Hitler on down. It is of some value therefore to trace the record of his comments on the major event of recent European history — the rise of German fascism and its culmination in war.

When Kaltenborn first interviewed Hitler in his summer home in Berchtesgaden in 1932, he was struck by

the Fuehrer's "simple, winning sincerity," and he described him as a "man dominated by ideas and not by the desire for action or the will to power." "Hitler reveals a much sounder social and economic philosophy in private conversation than when he speaks in public," Kaltenborn noted. He was convinced in early 1933 that "the time for a fascist *coup d'état* is past. . . . Whatever the result of the March fifth election, it will not give Adolf Hitler the opportunity to establish his long heralded *Drittes Reich*."

In a second interview with Hitler after the Nazis had come to power, Kaltenborn found the Fuehrer "far more capable than people abroad give him credit for." "The marching and parade spirit in Germany means nothing," he said. He had surveyed Europe and found "preparedness everywhere, but imminence of war nowhere." After another quick summer visit in 1935, Kaltenborn was confident that the Nazi régime was well-entrenched, and that Hitler had improved the moral well-being of the German people, if not their economic well-being. "No one in Germany today talks of war, Hitler least of all," he reported.

In March 1936, German troops occupied the Rhineland in violation of the Locarno pact, a move which has since been adjudged the first overt act of Nazi aggression. CBS cancelled a soap opera to present Kaltenborn with his analysis of the re-occupation. The commentator said: "Let me tell you at once that while it sounds as

though it were the sort of thing that leads to war, that fundamentally as I interpret the moves that are made today, it is a contribution to the re-organization of peace."

In an analysis paralleling in striking fashion the official Nazi interpretation, and contradicting the French and Belgian analyses, Kaltenborn commented that this open violation of Locarno was not as serious as some people thought, since Germany was no longer a member of the League. "I think Germany, from her point of view, has much in her favor in the present action. But I don't like the way it was done, and I can sympathize with countries that are alarmed for fear of what tomorrow may bring."

A week later he felt impelled to concede Hitler's great contributions to Germany to justify this "criticism." He said: "Now, I realize as well as anyone what Hitler has actually contributed to Germany. Most people fail to realize the tremendous contribution that he has made to Germany because he has given back to the German people three precious things. He has given them back their unity; he has given them back their self-respect; he has given them back their military power."

"But," Kaltenborn pointed out, "I don't believe that the Rhineland occupation was essential either to German unity or to German self-respect or to Germany's military power. I think it could have come just as well two years from now when Germany's military machine will be ready to

make some use of that Rhineland occupation."

Of one thing, however, Kaltenborn was certain. The Rhineland occupation would bring the Italo-Ethiopian war to a quick end. "It's just a question of negotiating the details — and they'll be easy to negotiate, believe me," because Mussolini (whom he had described as "no longer militant" in 1932) has now decided that his interests "are on the side of the League of Nations." Two months later the war ended — by military conquest.

In November 1936, Germany renounced the international control of the Rhine, Elbe, Oder and Danube rivers provided for in the treaty of Versailles. Anthony Eden expressed his regret over this step in the House of Commons. Kaltenborn, again paralleling the official Nazi explanation, commented: "The German Reich has cancelled the river clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. And why shouldn't they? It's a logical step. . . . It's a perfectly sound way of solving the problem."

Kaltenborn modified his attitude toward Hitler when he witnessed the German machinations in the Spanish conflict. Hitler now became a man with a "Messiah complex." "I'm sure that he's completely sincere in his desire to achieve the salvation of the German people, but I'm equally sure that he is completely mistaken as to the right way of going about it." He was "in complete sympathy" with Hitler's demands for return of the German colonies, and he remained

confident that an agreement signed with Hitler would be of value. By the time of the Munich crisis, Kaltenborn was calling for resistance to Hitler's demands, but he thought war unlikely in early September 1938. "Germany is too weak for war. Not militarily, oh no! . . . But economically and financially, Germany is infinitely weaker than she was in 1914. She has no reserves. . . . The great bulk of the German people are beginning to wonder, and to question, and to fear. They are not in any mood of enthusiasm with which a country plunges into war, as they did in 1914. They are in a mood of silent, glum despair. And their morale would break very soon after war began and its actual results were evident."

Because Kaltenborn kept talking about the possibility of peace throughout the Munich crisis (carefully hedging, however, with such remarks as "under certain conditions you can't avoid war" and "everything is now ready for war") his analyses were vindicated and his insights applauded when peace, in the form of Chamberlain's piece of paper, finally broke through the clouds of war. While Kaltenborn did correctly foresee the peaceful resolution of Munich, it is doubtful that his notion of the character of that resolution was any closer to the truth than the notion most of his listeners had.

On September 27, 1938, with diplomatic tension at its height, Kaltenborn analyzed the problem of negotiation. As he saw it, the cards were

in the hands not of Hitler, but of the Allies. "The question is: how can Hitler be permitted to save face? I don't think Chamberlain has any interest in humiliating Hitler. I don't believe that he wishes in the slightest to make it impossible for Hitler to stand well with his own people."

Later in the day Britain declared a state of emergency because of the European crisis. Kaltenborn remarked: "It is a warning to Adolf Hitler that Great Britain means business. It means that Prime Minister Chamberlain has definitely taken the measure of Adolf Hitler."

When Hitler surprised the world on September 28, 1939 with sudden invitations to a four-power conference at Munich, Kaltenborn was highly pleased and attributed the move to the Fuehrer's realization of his own weakness. "Not since the beginning of this crisis have I approached my task of news analyst as cheerfully as I do at this particular moment. . . . It is under the best of auspices that tomorrow comes the meeting in Munich . . . Once more collective security rather than armament, mobilization, war. Europe marches forward to peace!"

III

In summarizing the events following Munich, Kaltenborn noted: "As 1939 marches on, evidence accumulates that 1938 marked the high tide of successful fascist aggression." When Hitler, in March 1939, breached the Munich agreement by annexing Bo-

hemia and Moravia and, making a "protectorate" of Slovakia, Kaltenborn interpreted the Fuehrer's moves as indicating that perhaps "the Rome-Berlin axis is already badly bent," since Hitler had apparently failed to consult Mussolini before making the move. Hitler staged a torchlight parade in Berlin to celebrate his success. The parade, Kaltenborn said, "will be an effort to make it appear that Germany welcomes what has been done." Hitler did not have the support of the German people in these moves, he asserted. "Germany is not enthusiastic about this latest step. Anyone who knows anything at all about the German people knows that they have no desire to conquer foreign peoples. They are perfectly willing to live for and by themselves." Regarding Russia's condemnation of the Nazi move, he commented: "That's the answer to those who have anticipated that possibly Soviet Russia, because of receiving the cold shoulder at Munich, would take her revenge in this crisis by standing aloof. But it seems not. The Soviet state is coming out very definitely on the side of those powers which oppose Germany."

When Hitler failed to assail Russia in a two-hour speech in April 1939, Kaltenborn noted that the omission "has already raised again the specter of a possible Soviet-German alliance. Well, anyone who has traveled repeatedly in those two countries and has conferred with its leaders, as I have, fails to see the possibility of Stalin and Hitler getting together."

He ventured the idea that "it's quite possible that the next week will actually see Soviet Russia brought into the anti-Hitler line-up" instead. The problem of such a coalition, he pointed out, was simple. "It's largely a question of technique."

Three days later, Stalin removed Litvinov as foreign commissar and substituted Molotov. To Kaltenborn the replacement was "entirely in line with Joseph Stalin's policy of getting rid of every associate who has grown to power along with him. This elimination of veteran Bolsheviks who have been given positions of trust and who have risen to power by reason of their assignments, has been a consistent practice of Stalin. It was merely Litvinov's turn." In answer to a question concerning the implications of the move for Russian foreign policy, Kaltenborn denied that "the change in foreign ministers means any change in Russian foreign policy." Two years later, however, Kaltenborn re-interpreted the diplomatic change as signifying Stalin's decision "to work with Hitler" and to abandon collective security.

In May 1939 Kaltenborn told his listeners he was "particularly encouraged" by something he had learned from a friend. "A prominent government official who has access to all information from abroad told me that the events of recent weeks have very much increased the chances for peace in Europe." He did not lose hope for a Russo-British rapprochement. He reported that "several things hap-

pened today to suggest that Britain and Russia will work out a compromise on their proposed pact." At the end of May 1939 he said: "As matters stand, the triple alliance of Russia, France and Britain is as good as signed. The question still open is the exact terms on which it will be signed."

When Germany and Russia signed a trade agreement in August 1939, Kaltenborn, in Europe for a "quick look" at Portugal, France, Germany and England, still awaited the consummation of an Anglo-French-Russian defense pact. "The French foreign minister assured me only yesterday that the pact with Russia will soon be signed. And Germany's trade pact with Russia which has just been announced tonight is not going to change that situation in the slightest."

The next day the world was shocked by an announcement from Berlin that Germany and Russia had agreed to conclude a mutual non-aggression treaty. Kaltenborn continued optimistic for the future and refused to rule out the possibility of the proposed western pact. He felt that "stranger things have happened" than "that the same country should sign a non-aggression pact and at the same time join what is known as the peace front," and he thought that the new Nazi-Soviet pact "diminished the immediate possibility of war." "There is some ground for believing that pessimism of the moment is exaggerated."

The next day the Nazi-Soviet pact was signed. Kaltenborn was undis-

mayed. "Much is going on behind diplomatic curtains tonight, much of which we will only know later. On the surface, everything is talk, but perhaps behind the curtains there may still be peace." On August 29, when Hitler consented to negotiate directly with Poland, but insisted on the presence of a Polish plenipotentiary in Berlin by the next day, Kaltenborn was pleased. "It can really be said that we are definitely in the stage of negotiations." The following day he flew back to the United States, his first-hand inspection of the European scene completed. Up to the very hour that Hitler's troops marched into Poland two days later, he held fast to his belief that there would be no war.

IV

In outlining the duties of a commentator, Kaltenborn once said: "The radio news analyst cannot and should not function night after night as preacher or soap box orator. He cannot make himself the medium for passionate expression of personal or minority opinion."

Examination of Kaltenborn's broadcasting record suggests, however, that he does not always adhere to his own prescription. From time to time he has indulged in preachments and crusades on behalf of such pet projects as a smaller wartime army, universal service, abolition of time-and-a-half overtime pay and stricter labor controls. Launching a campaign for increased production of air cargo planes

in June 1942, he regularly selected this topic for comment until by the end of July practically every "analysis" pushed the appeal. His commentaries on July 27, 28, 29, 30, August 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 all contained exhortations for greater production of air cargo planes. He continued on the same theme through the summer and fall. In the spring of 1943, after making an overnight trip to Africa, he lost much of his enthusiasm for the project. "Transportation is the key problem of the war, but it cannot be solved by the airplane, not in this war," he concluded.

If perfect consistency is really the token of a small mind, few will accuse Kaltenborn of picayune thinking. When the Nazis invaded Russia on June 22, 1941, Kaltenborn's first reaction was: "I don't think that there is any prospect of Germany conquering Soviet Russia." His second reaction, voiced less than ten days later, was: "The active phase of this major conflict may well be over in two months. . . . Nor is Hitler likely to repeat Napoleon's error of winning all the battles against the Russians only to meet defeat at the hands of General Winter." His third reaction, expressed in September 1941, after the Russians had withstood the full impact of the German drive, was to ignore his second reaction and to remind his listeners that he had been right in the first place. "I have been both right and wrong on enough occasions," he remarked, "to feel no particular elation when events go my way."

In July 1941 he derided the suggestion that the United States send lend-lease supplies to Russia because "we have none to spare . . . we have no ships in which to send it to Siberia . . . it couldn't reach the front in time. . . ." Three months later, he commented: "If this country, instead of trying to equip an American army of one and a half million men with planes, tanks and guns, loaded this war matériel on American ships and unloaded it at the head of the Persian Gulf for transportation across Iran to Russia, it would make a decisive contribution to victory." He turned his blistering rhetoric on Russian leadership in July 1941. "Stalin is just as much of a crook as Hitler." In June 1942, when we were allied with the USSR, he commented tenderly: "Stalin has always maintained that Russia is working towards a democratic form of government. Several years ago, Soviet authorities established a democratic constitution for the Soviet Union. Some thought this constitution was not enforced. You can say the same thing about ours."

Kaltenborn considers himself a Democrat of liberal persuasion, but he voted straight Republican last year on the grounds that "the essence of democracy is the ability to change," and the time for a change, he thought, had arrived. His record on civil liberties is that of a high-minded liberal. He supported early New Deal social welfare legislation, looked with favor on the organization of the CIO and expressed a keen sympathy for the

plight of the sitdown strikers of 1937. His hero in American political life is Herbert Hoover, whom he boosted for the Presidency as early as 1920. He joined Hoover in ridiculing talk of a depression in 1929-1930. "I agree with President Hoover that the worst is probably over," he broadcast in March 1930, "and that from now on conditions are more likely to improve than to grow worse."

Although he hails from Wisconsin, Kaltenborn does not have the traditional midwestern antagonism to Wall street. "Bigness" characterizes not only his political thinking, but his economic outlook as well. "One of the most helpful and hopeful things in our own economic life has been the consolidation of corporations," he once said.

Kaltenborn's handling of factual data in his commentaries has occasionally left something to be desired. When he asserted in November and December 1942 that 43 hours was the average work week in war plants, and he bitterly flayed the Administration for its labor policy, the average scheduled work week in war industries was approximately 48 hours, as Kaltenborn was obliged to report three weeks later. The popular tendency to accept all broadcast statements as accurate gives somewhat greater importance to such minor errors in his news reporting as identifying an Arkansas congressman as a Nebraskan or an Oregon official as coming from Michigan. Of more concern to the public interest were his

erroneous analyses of cost-of-living statistics, which misled his listeners until late in 1946 when a midwestern doctor sent him a fan letter with a detailed explanation of the mistake.

Kaltenborn used to render straightforward personal opinions in his commentaries. Now he prefers to use techniques which enable him to editorialize without seeming to. He will quote the statements of people with whom he agrees and will neglect contrary statements. "I have no need to stick my neck out to express my own opinion when all I need do is find a statement of someone else and quote it," he says. Thus, to support his wartime proposal for wage ceilings in September 1942, he quoted Representatives Rankin, Taber, Rich and Hoffman. Opposed as he was to government imposition of maintenance-of-union-membership contracts, he quoted at length from a minority War Labor Board opinion with which he concurred and ignored the majority, controlling opinion. When Roosevelt proposed a \$25,000 ceiling on annual incomes during the war, Kaltenborn did not make a frontal attack on the proposal. Instead he referred to the "CIO's salary limit proposal . . . the CIO's demand . . . the CIO's ideas on social reforms," and he reported that "many people are saying that the President put over the \$25,000 limitation because it was a pet project of the CIO's and Mrs. Roosevelt."

An even more subtle technique for presenting personal opinion in the form of public or expert opinion re-

veals itself in Kaltenborn's avoidance of "I believe this" and his substitution of "most Americans believe this" or "a fair-minded student would say." Thus, in drafting a commentary in November 1940, he went through the following verbal manipulations to produce the final draft of a script:

(1) "I listened to Wendell Willkie's speech last night. It was wholly admirable."

(2) "I hope you listened to Wendell Willkie's speech last night. It was wholly admirable."

(3) "Millions of Americans of both parties listened to Wendell Willkie's speech last night. Most of them agreed that it was a wholly admirable speech."

v

Kaltenborn lives with his wife in their five-story house on New York's east Sixty-Fourth Street. He knows that he has traveled far for the eldest son of a German immigrant who settled first in Milwaukee and then in Merrill, Wisconsin, as the owner of a small building-trades store. Hans' father enjoyed being referred to as "Baron Kaltenborn," and more than one contemporary recalls that he walked with a gold-tipped cane and "pretty near swept people off the street." Hans attended Merrill's two-room high school for a year and then quit to work in the store. When the Spanish-American War broke out, he publicly enlisted with a hundred other Merrill youths ten days before he turned 20, and put in eight months

of home service, six of which were served after demobilization had begun. Published biographical accounts tell, however, that "he had run away from his Milwaukee home as a boy to fight in the Spanish-American war." He enrolled at Harvard when he was 27, made an excellent record, and went to work at the Brooklyn *Eagle* where, in some twenty years of service, he rose to an associate editorship.

It is difficult to assess the rôle Kaltenborn's commentaries have played in determining public policy, but his broadcasts have definitely stimulated many newspaper editorials. From March 1942 to March 1943 he received 31,953 pieces of fan-mail. Top-ranking government officials, including the Vice-President and Secretary of State, have responded by letter to attacks Kaltenborn made against them, and have sought copies of broadcasts containing references to them. Commentaries denouncing Administration policy caused thousands of telegrams to descend upon the President and Congress. Administrative officials on high and low levels of authority explained and justified policies upon written or broadcast request from Kaltenborn.

To what extent has Kaltenborn been under pressure from public and private sources? His files of business correspondence reveal that significant public, network and sponsor pressures have been brought to bear on him. Sponsors asked him to avoid certain topics and to treat others when they wanted special opinions voiced.

These requests included suggestions to avoid comment on the Spanish Civil War, to temper labor criticism (his sponsor wrote that he feared Kaltenborn was becoming a "common scold"), to cease attacks on Fuel Coordinator Harold L. Ickes during gasoline rationing, and to emphasize the unfairness to war contractors of government renegotiation of war contracts. Advertising agencies, with an eye to Hooperatings, recommended changes in news emphases from time to time, and proffered corrections of some of Kaltenborn's misstatements. When Kaltenborn said that Americans ate more meat per capita than the people of any other country, he drew a sharp rebuke and correction from his sponsor's advertising agency, which also happened to handle publicity for the American Meat Institute.

There has been no evidence of pressure from NBC, but CBS did attempt to curb Kaltenborn's tendency to express decided opinions. Public pressures were exerted most effectively in the form of boycotts of the sponsor's products, resolutions of state labor organizations and campaigns in the labor press. According to Kaltenborn, the most troublesome statement he ever made was broadcast in August 1943, when he said: "I wish someone would tell me why non-union aircraft plants always seem to have a better production record than the unionized aircraft plants." A Rochester AFL group took issue with him, and Kaltenborn, having only incomplete War Production Board

figures to support his argument, had to go to Washington for a conference with William Green before the matter was settled. He commented later: "It was a bitter battle and might have cost me my job."

It is impossible to determine exactly the extent to which Kaltenborn has responded to these pressures. It may be significant that after receiving a telegraphed appeal from his sponsor to avoid discussion of the Spanish Civil War in a February 1939 broadcast, he delivered a lengthy eulogy of the late Pope. His position in radio, however, seems to have been sufficiently secure to enable him to withstand pressure when he wanted to. It also appears that many of his wartime comments on labor were made over the objection of his sponsor. One can only ponder the relationship between sponsors and less formidable commentators.

How does one explain Kaltenborn's persistent popularity? A number of possible explanations suggest themselves. It is likely that people enjoy hearing meaningful interpretations of history and current affairs in terms of personalities. Kaltenborn's penchant for simple, personalized solutions for complex problems of economics and politics are appealing to the average listener. The language and imagery

he uses are relatively easy to understand. His authoritative manner of delivery and his prestige contribute to his attractiveness. The appeals he uses and the premises he assumes are most often drawn from the mass of conservative opinion accepted by a large segment of American society. That he experiences no appreciable difficulty as a result of his numerous inconsistencies and errors can only be explained by the absence of competent critics, the short memory of most listeners and the gullibility of many others. By holding to a fairly stable middle-of-the-road position, Kaltenborn hedges himself against being lost in a sudden shift of public attitudes.

Believing firmly that "public opinion is the king of America," he has tried to make himself that king's prime minister. For millions of listeners he has not failed. Last year an intensive study was made of a typical small town in east-central Iowa. Interviewers questioned 94 per cent of the community's 510 residents. They asked: "Which radio commentator do you like the best and which the least?" When they tallied the answers the pollsters were forced to declare H. V. Kaltenborn winner of both races.



SEX AND THE DOUBLE STANDARD

BY WAVERLEY ROOT

SOME months ago I published an article dealing with the impact of American soldiers on France, in which I suggested that the GIs had been misled by superficial observation of French customs into the belief that the French were immoral. This brought me a note from a reader who insisted that French standards of morality were far below ours. My answer to that was "Are the French Immoral?", which appeared in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for June 1947. The subject appears to be inexhaustible, for I have now received another objecting letter, this time on the question of the double standard.

"You leave untreated," my female correspondent writes, "a point to which I have been accustomed to cling in defending not only American over French morals, but 'Anglo-Saxon' morals in general over 'Latin' morals in general . . . namely, the issue of masculine fidelity in marriage.

"In Latin culture," she continues, "almost the entire burden of upholding sexual virtue falls upon the shoulders of women in the wife-mother

class, permitting to masculine instincts absolutely free rein both before and after marriage. . . . Wives have no choice but to shrug their shoulders. The *maîtresse* is as much accepted by them as by the man's cronies. This, plus the dowry system, has led to the dissociation of love and marriage, which may completely satisfy masculine needs and desires but cruelly prohibits the *jeune fille* from fully participating in erotic play.

"It is surprising to me that France, whose women are so charming and versatile, fell into the double standard."

This is what I call a meaty letter, and before entering upon the discussion of the double standard to which its author invites me, I want to comment on several of the points it makes. Can it be said that the wife-mothers of France are in fact "upholding sexual virtue" if, though themselves faithful, they condone the infidelity of their husbands? That they have no choice in the matter, as my correspondent states, I refuse to admit. Frenchwomen are fully capable of influencing their men, as the history of

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French politics, to cite one example, demonstrates.

As for the dowry system, it is now rapidly disappearing in France, but in any case I think it must be considered an effect, not a cause: the practice of giving dowries resulted from the fact that the French "dissociate love and marriage," rather than itself causing that dissociation.

The most interesting point of this letter, to my mind, is that it objects to the double standard not so much because it caters to the male, but because it "cruelly" restrains the female. In other words, why should the boys have all the fun? Now, this is an understandable attitude and one with which, like most males, I am ready to sympathize. (After all, how can the boys have fun if there are no girls to have fun with?) But my correspondent, in the tradition of that Puritanical morality which we still honor with lip service in the United States, would redress the unfairness of the situation by imposing on men the restraint she finds cruel because it is now applied to women.

Twenty years ago, with the brashness of youth, I, too, had no doubt that the double standard was all wrong, but my solution was to allow the girls the freedom I enjoyed. I was then a *naïf* dissenter from the majority opinion and certainly at odds with my New England upbringing. Today, when I find myself coming around to the opinion that the double standard is a natural development from the fact of masculine and fem-

inine differentiation, I seem still to be a dissenter, for the truth is that the American *jeune fille* participates fully, as my correspondent puts it, in erotic play.

To be sure, the girls, unwilling to forego an advantage, have not thrown away all of the double standard; they have dispensed only with that part of it which limited their own sexual freedom. Women still have the advantage in sidestepping unwanted advances. When a man makes a pass at a girl who doesn't welcome it, society stands behind her like a wall in her resistance. With a word, she can render his conduct contemptible, and he can only crawl away in complete apologetic abjection. He has demonstrated himself to be a cad, a churl and a bounder.

But let us suppose that the lady approaches the man. For him, she is prepared to make the supreme sacrifice. She offers him her virtue, her all. Let us assume he does not covet her all, but can any gentleman spurn such an offer? Not with impunity. Escape is difficult, and even if achieved, the ungrateful and usually graceless flight of the recreant proves him a cad, a churl and a bounder.

II

Let us consider the double standard with the facts of physiology in mind. Nature appears to have arranged matters in such a way as to encourage all members of the animal kingdom to reproduce to the limit of their ability. Since a single action on the part of

the reproductive machinery of the male, a very small fraction of his potentiality, customarily keeps the reproductive machinery of the female completely absorbed for a time, the harem is the rule among animals. A single bull or a single boar may serve the cows or sows of a whole county. One rooster is enough for the hen-house. The stag moves majestically through the fields in the company of half a dozen does (until the season when he tires of feminine company and heads alone for the woods). A bull seal rules a whole beachful of female seals, and the male camel can play husband adequately for some three hundred females.

However, man is not the only monogamous animal. Others are the ostrich, the vulture, the Canada goose, the parrot and (perhaps) the brown bear. But it is pertinent to note that the practice of monogamy decreases as domesticity increases. The ostrich, for instance, monogamous in the wild state, becomes polygamous when domesticated; and man is surely the most domesticated of animals.

It can hardly be argued that man is *naturally* monogamous. If families have tended to grow up in most parts of the world about a single pair of parents, the reason seems to be chiefly economic: that is, a man usually has all he can do to support one wife, without taking on more. Hence the decline of plural marriages in societies which permit it; Mohammedans, for example, are permitted to take four

wives, but they seldom do because they can't afford it. Polygamy usually persists where the woman is still a beast of burden, and is therefore an asset rather than a liability to her husband; in many African communities the value of a wife is recognized by the customs of exacting a purchase prize for her and of assessing a man's wealth by counting his cows and wives.

The probability that it is economics, and not physiology, which has fastened the institution of monogamy upon man, leads us to the first reason for the natural development of the double standard: it is the woman who bears the babies. The young man who has violated society's sexual mores may bring sorrow to his parents — but that is all he brings them. It has not yet been found necessary to establish homes for the care of unmarried fathers.

My correspondent would no doubt answer that this argument really begs the question, for if the moral standards which tolerate greater freedom for men than for women were altered, that would mean also the abolition of the social embarrassment which now deters young women from risking unmarried motherhood. There are, indeed, any number of communities in which that embarrassment does not exist. There is even one tribe (I have forgotten whether it is African or South American) in which no young woman can expect to find a husband until after she has borne a child and this demonstrated her capacity for

fulfilling that important function.

In the days of my youth, when I was a fervent advocate of votes and equal rights for women, I would not have admitted that there were psychological differences between the two sexes. To me political equality seemed to imply uniformity. To argue that one sex followed different mental processes from the other seemed to assume that one must be inferior to the other. Distinction without hierarchy was too complex a concept for my adolescent mind. But since then we know that science has progressively lessened the area of the human personality which may be conceived of as a thing apart. Today, we can increase or decrease the intelligence of cretins by granting or withholding injections of thyroid extract; we can trace characteristics hitherto considered "spiritual" to the development of the endocrinal glands; we can pursue the most complicated manifestations of the human conscience through the intricacies of the unconscious; we apply in psychosomatic medicine the conclusion that there is no mental or moral or spiritual activity disconnected from the mechanisms of the body; and so it has become easier to accept the fact that a certain set of mental patterns may be normally transmitted to one sex rather than to the other.

In short, it can be said that our mores permit men and women to follow different paths of sexual conduct because men and women react differently to sexual situations. This

is not precisely a new discovery. Byron informed us long ago that while love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence. At the same time, one can make out a good case for the argument that male love is more dependable and more profound than female love. Where the essential difference comes in, I should say, is in the different emphasis placed on the physical act of love by men and by women.

We are accustomed to think of woman as the more delicate, the more spiritual, the more subtle vessel. It is nevertheless the physiological fact that she is tied down, much more than man, to the purely physical job of reproduction. The Freudians might suggest that it is to compensate for this that she attempts to disdain physical matters. It would also be consonant with Freudian theories to point out that the attempt is unsuccessful. To woman, if one may speak in generalizations, the physical act is of enormous importance. To man, it is a detail. Thus a man may be, in the physical sense of the word, unfaithful to a woman without ever having wavered, in his mind, from his devotion to her. But a woman who has been physically unfaithful to a man is obsessed with a sense of guilt; this establishes a psychological barrier between herself and her mate, a barrier which does not appear in the mind of the physically unfaithful male, whose conscience usually does not trouble him excessively though he may be apprehensive of being found out.

III

It is always possible that the different attitude of women is not innate, but a product of their education, their economic position in our society and our whole thinking about sexual relationships. But I am inclined to suspect that it goes deeper than that. For the purpose of the reproduction of the species, it is advantageous for women to be constant and for men to be inconstant. It is also consistent with the fact that women are the repositories of the greater part of the machinery of reproduction that they should attach greater importance to the physical maneuvers which set it into operation. It would be my suspicion that we must look into the profoundest and most primitive physiological differences between the sexes for the explanation of woman's much greater tendency to attach herself completely and without reserve to her mate (to have him, as the French put it, "in her skin").

This would explain an observation I have made, probably shocking to conventional moralists, that while nothing breaks up a marriage more surely than infidelity on the part of a wife, many of the happiest marriages I know are those in which the husband is — discreetly, of course — unfaithful. When the wife is unfaithful, it is probably a sign that the marriage is already on the rocks. Her need to lavish her devotion on a single man has been rebuffed. If she experiments widely enough, she will find, sooner

or later, another man to whom she may transfer her devotion, and the rupture of the first union will then become complete.

But to the man, other, and, I think we are justified in saying, profounder links with his wife are more important than mere mechanical physical fidelity; therefore he does not violate his own feelings towards his wife if he strays, occasionally, into other pastures. To him, the physical relationship is not so much the sublimation of a passion as the satisfaction of an appetite; and the appetite becomes cloyed if it is restricted, day in and day out, to an unvarying menu. A man with a beautiful wife becomes unable, in a year or so, to see her beauty, for the familiarity of her appearance dulls for him the sensations it evokes in others. In the same way, though it is grievous to admit it in the presence of ladies, a sexual diet limited to one woman eventually palls on the most moral of men. From observation of the marriages of my friends, I would estimate that most husbands begin to tire of their wives in about ten years.

What happens then? The man of the single standard maintains a fidelity which, whether he admits it to himself or not, is irksome to him. He envies bachelors. His wife gradually assumes the aspect of an obstacle between himself and a fuller life. This is particularly true if, as a young man, he forebore to sow wild oats. He now sees the period approaching when his sexual opportunities will end and he begins to regret that he has accepted

so few of them. He has reached the dangerous forties and his marriage is in peril.

But to the "unfaithful" husband, as the word is ordinarily used (the quotation marks are necessary, for actually the husband who cleaves to his wife in spite of extra-marital affairs is demonstrably a most faithful specimen) the freshness of his wife's personality has been maintained intact. Logically, a woman should be more flattered than angered that her husband is attractive to other women, successful with them and still prefers her. What value should be put on the approval of a man who has known the merits of no other women? What does he know of England who only England knows? The approval of a connoisseur should be more highly prized than that of an ignoramus.

IV

Having suggested that the double standard is a more or less natural development, for which, considering the varying psychology of the sexes, there is a good deal to be said, we may turn to the question of whether France did not so much fall into the double standard as remain in it, while the United States, as my correspondent implies, emerged from it. If America has abandoned the double standard, it would seem that she has done so, not because men have become more virtuous, but because young women have achieved greater freedom. It would be my guess, however, that male Anglo-Saxon fertility,

as compared to the Latin brand, is not quite so unassailable as my correspondent thinks.

Being a lady, she has perhaps not profited by many complete confidences from men on the subject of their intimate lives. My own knowledge of the private relationships of a good many men whose wives are blissfully unaware of their derelictions would lead me to conclude that the American male is better at preaching the single standard (abstinent variety) than at practicing it.

In other words, the Frenchman and the American behave in very much the same way, but the former does so openly. The Frenchman does not have to make any mental adjustment between what he believes about sexual morality and what he does about it. His bill for psychoanalysis is consequently lower. Looked at from the eastern side of the Atlantic, the American does not appear more virtuous than the European (for the Frenchman is followed in his practices by virtually all Western Europe) but rather as more hypocritical.

This gets us back, finally, to the question of love and marriage. Americans want to combine the two. It is a highly satisfactory arrangement if it can be achieved, but our divorce statistics, as well as the innumerable unhappy though undivorced couples whom we all know, demonstrate that it is not easy.

The Frenchman considers marriage a serious matter. It is a union, given the circumstances of modern life,

which is primarily economic, for the purpose of raising children. It is too important an undertaking to be upset, in his view, by the whimsical behavior of the emotions. Love, with him, does not take priority over all else, as it does for romantic Americans. The family is more important. If love wears thin between husband and wife, he does not, like the American, rush to the divorce court and break up his family. Mindful of his duty to the community, he preserves the family by taking a mistress; and in that solution to the problem his friends and his wife (not always, it must be admitted, with heartfelt joy) acquiesce. To the Frenchman, the American attitude appears to be self-

indulgent, irresponsible, asocial and immature. Those American children, he notes disapprovingly, want to play, insist on having fun always, even about so serious a matter as marriage.

Well, there you have a different point of view. I do not propose to defend one over the other. But we Americans are the inventors, thanks to William James, of pragmatism; and by the pragmatic test, the French system seems to have worked out better. It has produced fewer wrecked families and fewer wrecked lives. If this is the result of the double standard, then surely it cannot be said that the double standard is nothing more than an arbitrary and vicious invention of my own selfish sex.

EXPERIENCE

BY JOHN VAN BRAKLE

When I was young and sorrow came
To some of those I knew,
I'd bow my head in silence or
I'd stare into the blue;
But now that time has lined my face
And grief has passed my way,
I know that if I could go back,
I would have words to say.

CAN RUSSIA TAKE TURKEY?

BY GEORGE MOORAD

Two critical problems are involved in the Truman Doctrine. One is to stop the Soviets, and another is to persuade the Turks not to be so terrible. As hostile armies gather at the Dardanelles, it may be quite true that the Turks are the last barrier, as Dean Acheson put it, to a Communist chain reaction stretching to the China Sea. The whole Middle East is in obvious jeopardy, but so is the great American tradition that people on our side must all be kindly, peace-loving democrats.

It is relatively simple to run guns and frightful explosives into Turkey, yet it may require sheer inventive genius to sell the warlike, pitiless Turks to the American public, which is already beginning to suspect some of our wartime propaganda about Mother Russia and the benevolent sages of the Politburo. For the Turks have about as much friendly generosity as the landlords in *Daily Worker* cartoons, and about as much racial tolerance as the guardians of Mecca or the late unlamented Nazi, Alfred Rosenberg. Perhaps the only understandable Turkish qualities are

a love of independence and a fanatic willingness to die defending it.

Some of the inexorable truths about Turkey, discovered by Henry Wallace and joyfully echoed by Messrs. Molotov and Gromyko, may pain supporters of the Truman Doctrine but it will not faze the Turks. They love to give the impression that they are tough and bad and proud of it, and a visitor who has been in the country 24 hours should feel neglected if he has not received the official course in Turkish wickedness.

My indoctrination was administered in Ankara by Nuzhet Baba, chief of the press department, when I complained that inhuman bedbugs and tootling police whistles had sabotaged my sleep. Nuzhet beamed.

"It's a bad place," he said with relish. "In America your policeman whistles if he has trouble. In Turkey the policeman must always tootle. When he stops tootling, we know he's dead."

Nuzhet, a civil servant reclaimed from the fearsome whirling dervish sect, heatedly denied censoring our copy; he achieved the same thing by

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"consultation" or by having it confiscated at the Marconi station by secret police. But Nuzhet sincerely hated censorship, not for democratic reasons but because the Turks habitually say just what they mean. He was lost in profane admiration of his countrymen:

"Ha, ha, godam," he chuckled. "Everybody wants the Dardanelles; first Hitler and now Stalin. Let them come and see what happens. We Turks are bad people. To be a Turk you've got to be an international sonofabitch."

The Turks are chronically enraged with someone, and at that moment it was the Allies, collectively and individually. In the early spring of 1944, I had the unblushing naïveté to ask the Foreign Minister, Numen Menemenjoclu, why his country didn't enter the war.

"Which war?" he snorted bitterly. He strode across his office to a map and pointed rapidly to Berlin and then to the Dardanelles. "Do you mean here . . . or here?"

The Turkish diplomat referred, of course, to the three-cornered war for the Balkans, the secret struggle between Hitler, Stalin and the British Foreign Office that raged impervious to the public lines of wartime alliance. The Turks felt they had been cheated when Roosevelt and Churchill, by some twist of fate, reneged on a promise made to President Ismet Inonu in Cairo to modernize the feudalistic Turkish army and send it to war against Hitler. The Turks greatly

admired American equipment and their chief-of-staff, Kassim Orbay, who as a guest observer witnessed our offensive in North Africa, turned to General Mark Clark and with typical Turkish modesty announced:

"With half that equipment, we Turks could do the job in half the time."

II

The Allied-Turkish agreement snapped upon Marshal Stalin's insistence that the Turkish army must not cross the Dardanelles and invade his sphere of influence in the Balkans. The realistic Turks argued that the *Luftwaffe* had a chain of airstrips in Bulgaria, only ten air-minutes from Istanbul, and that these bases must be captured on the ground or every city in Turkey would be levelled. As the agreement collapsed, Selim Sarper, the heir apparent to the Foreign Ministry, exercised his fine vocabulary on Anglo-American doltishness.

"It is inconceivable to fight a war without being permitted to advance," Sarper Bey stated. "Now the Russians will come. That is assured."

Sarper Bey's fears then seemed rather far-fetched, and I jocularly asked him if the Turks would find it more difficult to withstand the Russians than the Nazis.

"Oh, I don't think so," he grinned. "We Turks have argued with many people: men named Hitler and Goering and von Ribbentrop and even Roosevelt. If Stalin's name were Schultz, we would still say no!"

From this time forward the Turks grimly resisted all "cooperation" with the Soviet Union, and it was only with enthusiastic American help that the Russians made any headway: a few leftist bookstores, dubious protection of radical newspapers, and the birth of a sickly Turco-Soviet Friendship Society. The American OWI on several occasions used its channels to distribute Russian films and propaganda, but Turkish police had their own methods of discouraging cultural relations.

"Cooperation?" said the sardonic Sarper Bey. "When Rommel was at Alexandria, we refused to pass the Nazis over the Dardanelles. That saved Stalin's hide; that was cooperation. Do you remember that summer of 1942? Ha! I wonder that you can remember anything."

As the Turks became exceedingly suspicious and claustrophobic, a rather grim sense of humor remained. The Russians sealed their border with Turkey and the Turks remarked that this was to prevent socialism from infiltrating the Soviet Union. Since Turkish envoys in Moscow were continually spied upon and followed, the Turks reciprocated by planting gimlet-eyes behind each of the large Russian delegation in Istanbul. The same courtesy was extended to Americans, British and Germans and it fanned Turkish pride to believe their secret agents were incomparably more mysterious and subtle than the stolid, blue-serged men of the Soviet NKVD. One night in the famous Snake Pit

of the Ankara Palas we enjoyed drinks on a covey of sleuths, who spoke almost intelligible English and sang an eldritch refrain of Tipperary to convince us they were British. I mentioned the case to Nuzhet Baba next day and observed that they were probably Germans.

"Not Germans," he crowed delightedly. "Turkish police. They pretend like British to make you think Nazis. Very clever. Godam."

Turkey is charged with having profited by dealing with both Hitler and the Allies. This is true and only these profits have enabled Turkey to withstand a constant war of nerves and economic pressure begun by the Nazis in 1939 and extended by the Soviets from 1944 until the present. Only such profits could enable a backward, impoverished nation of about sixteen million, exclusive of minorities, to keep its huge army mobilized through eight desperate years. Approximately one out of each sixteen Turkish men, women and children has been constantly in uniform since 1939, and it is Russian strategy to make this great unproductive mass commit cannibalism upon its country.

But there is no need to be sanctimonious about wartime dealings. The Turks did not keep the Swiss, Swedish and German products that funneled into Turkey; the Allies eagerly purchased them and gave the Turks foreign exchange, which now preserves Turkey as the most truly independent government and

army in Europe. And of all critics, the Soviets should be last to cry profiteer, for Russia gave nothing but got something out of Turkish trade. The U. S. Board of Economic Warfare, competing with the German trader Clodius, bought literally anything to keep it out of Nazi hands. Wool rags for uniforms, carloads of hazelnuts, edible oils and food were bought with American funds and sent to the Soviet Union.

A much sorrier source of Turkish revenue was the notorious *varlık*, a capital levy imposed in 1942 which ended up, in accordance with the national habit, by soaking the minorities. The *varlık* was stopped in 1944, after a survey by the British chamber of commerce showed that Moslem Turks had paid only 5 per cent of the capital value of their properties; Greek merchants were assessed an average of 156 per cent, Jewish merchants 179 per cent and the unhappy Armenians 232 per cent.

A Moslem-Turkish board, whose members' names were kept a secret and from which there was no appeal, assessed or guessed at the amount of a citizen's possessions and levied the tax. An Armenian elevator boy at the Tokatlian Hotel in Istanbul was summoned to pay a sum equal to his wages for 16 years; a Greek grocer who had only his store valued at 2000 lira was taxed 45,000 lira. A hotel-keeper was charged 300,000 lira but could sell his hostelry for only half that amount. An old Jewish attorney, Dr. Frankel, who had represented

Turkey ably in many international negotiations, was utterly bankrupted.

Citizens who failed to pay the full amount within 30 days were banished to labor camps in Anatolia. The aged and sick, nearly all minority peoples, were sent to these hells without medical examination or attention, where some died of neglect and others of exhaustion. An aged Greek merchant, Basile Constantinadis, was sent to labor after his entire fortune failed to equal the tax. His wife was finally able to borrow the deficit, which she paid to the Turkish government. She was simultaneously given a receipt and the information that her husband was dead.

III

For Turkey's treatment of the minorities there is no defense, except to say that cruelty is an old Balkan tradition and the Turks believe that all non-Moslems are potential vipers in their midst. At the moment it is academic to argue that the Turks themselves produced this hatred; the fact is that the minorities, particularly Armenians, do present Russia with a potential fifth column. One of our prominent State Department officials tells a story which may be apocryphal but which still illustrates Turkish mentality:

During the savage Armenian and Greek massacres that followed the first world war, Mustafa Kemal — the *Gazi* — "Destroyer of Christians" — aroused American horror, and we prepared to close our consulate in

Istanbul. My friend made his final official calls, expressing American sorrow at the unspeakable cruelties.

"But, friend," one young Turkish officer protested earnestly, "why all this fuss? Somebody's got to kill Armenians."

The best and worst that can be said about Turkish democracy is that it is more flexible than Soviet democracy, because Turkey is open to the outside world and outside protests, such as the one which abolished the *varlık*. The monolithic People's Republican Parliamentary Party now has a manufactured opposition, the Democrats, who are allowed to meet and demonstrate without constant fear of the bastinado. Turkey has mellowed since the days of the wild, weird Mustafa Kemal Pasha, yet there is a genuine sadness that the syphilitic, hard-drinking military genius should have been succeeded by the dusty, clerkish figure of Ismet Inonu. After a number of "screwdrivers" — a skull-popping drink composed of orange juice with potato vodka — true patriots mourn the dictator who soundly walloped the Anzacs at Gallipoli, cut off the traditional Turkish fez, with and without heads, chased out the Caliph of Constantinople, tore down the mosques and, in a certain surgical sense, cured the "Sick Man of Europe."

Without further torture to language, the key word in the Turkish question is not democracy; it is independence. The Soviets could not wait for V-E day to grasp for the

Turkish-Armenian provinces of Kars and Ardahan, and for control of the Dardanelles. In January 1945, the USSR refused to continue its twenty-year treaty of friendship and non-aggression.

It so happened that my friend from Ankara, Selim Sarper, had become Turkish ambassador in Moscow, and at our first reunion he offered to fight me because the barnlike Metropol Hotel was so insufferably dull. Sarper Bey caustically admitted that any reference to friendship between Turkey and Russia was pure hypocrisy. Mr. Molotov at first preferred to let the Turks guess at his demands, and Sarper Bey said scornfully that the Kremlin was trying to crack Turkish morale.

"Ha!" said Sarper Bey. "We have an old Turkish saying: 'If there's a flea in the blanket, burn the whole damn bed.' And that's just what we'll do if the Russians come after us."

I left Moscow before Mr. Molotov presented his requisition, but I learned later that the Turkish ambassador merely glanced through the document and silently handed it back.

"You will convey this to your government, won't you?" asked Molotov.

"No, I will not," the Turk firmly replied. "There is no Turkish government that would consider such demands, and if by chance there were, I would not be its ambassador."

Because the Turks are violently anti-Soviet, they are not necessarily pushovers for American salesmen of

the Golden Rule. The Turks were warlike and unlovable to begin with, and these qualities were molded into fanatic nationalism after World War I, when they fought and defeated every conceivable combination of powers for the right to survive: English, French, Bulgarian, Greek and Russian. The Turks may be expected to accept American military aid on the cheerful expectation that they will some day use it against the Russians. They will take it exactly as did Marshal Stalin, to use against what they believe is a common

enemy, but to expect tearful gratitude is to be naïve.

The Turks have steadfastly believed that war between the Soviet Union and the western powers is inevitable, and they long ago made up their minds who would win such a conflict. No fundamental sympathies are involved in their choice; the Turks are the coldest, shrewdest gamblers in all the merciless Balkans. The Turkish mentality is neither handicapped by sentiment nor confused by the conflicting Soviet and American definitions of democracy.

RELEASE

BY G. E. HUNTER

Let us walk in the sun:
Too long has inflexible shade
Of dead columns and walls,
Steel and stone, chilled and made us afraid.

For a vista of light
Let us hollow out time and space
And with living trees
Make metamorphic shapes of our grace.

In the seamless air
By a stream on a globe ever turning,
Let us walk, let us run
In the face of the sun, burning and burning.

THE FAILURE OF JOURNALISM SCHOOLS

BY CHET VONIER

NEARLY forty years ago, in 1908, the first school of journalism in the United States was established at the University of Missouri by Dr. Walter Williams. A year later, the University of Wisconsin established a journalism school, although some journalism courses were offered there as early as 1905. There are now schools of journalism in 52 American colleges, with an aggregate enrollment of 13,874 students. *Editor and Publisher* estimates that at least 75 per cent of these students expect to find newspaper positions.

In spite of this long history and the claims of the tub-thumpers for journalism schools, a degree in journalism is nowhere requisite for employment on a newspaper, indeed such a degree has little more standing in a newspaper office than a doctorate in mortuary science. Most city editors prefer to hire men and women whose academic training has been acquired outside the schools of journalism.

If the schools are not highly regarded in the business which they profess to serve, they are in little better case in their own cloisters and

among the more thoughtful and honest American educators. The Commission on the Freedom of the Press, which includes eleven professors among its thirteen members, said in a report, issued early this year after a three year study:

... Those ideals and attitudes in the professions of law, medicine and divinity are cultivated by the professional schools of those disciplines. They act as independent centers of criticism. The better they are, the more independent and critical they are. The schools of journalism have not yet accepted this obligation. Most of them devote themselves to vocational training, and even here they are not so effective as they should be. The kind of training a journalist needs most today is not training in the tricks and mechanics of the trade. If he is to be a competent judge of public affairs, he needs the broadest and most liberal education. The schools of journalism as a whole have not yet successfully worked out the method by which their students may acquire this education. . . .

It is important that students who enter schools of journalism should not be deprived of liberal education because they have made up their minds that they want to work on the press. Few schools of journalism can develop a liberal curriculum within their own faculties. It

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is therefore imperative that they associate themselves as closely as possible with other departments and schools of their universities.

In my acquaintance there are no competent newspapermen who have graduated from journalism schools who do not agree that a large share of their time was squandered. Far too often, a course is tailored to the whims and the capability of the instructor rather than to the needs of the student.

It is the tragic defect of these schools that 5000 graduates will come out each year without either a good technical training or a good academic education. They will be little better equipped to begin the practice of journalism than they will be to set up in business as brain surgeons. Some of them will be able newspapermen in spite of their handicaps, others will become the hacks of the business, seek other employment or — become teachers of journalism! Those who do succeed at the trade would have done as well and would have come better equipped, if they had never opened a journalism textbook.

In practice, the bulk of journalism-school training either goes out the window, or is never applied; some of the precepts must be laboriously unlearned. The few technical requirements for a beginning newspaperman could be crowded, if journalism schools must exist, into a single semester, or at the most, a single school year. Only a few schools appear to have recognized this.

II

Until 1935, Columbia University offered an undergraduate course in journalism. Then, the catalogue points out, it was decided that "the best training for journalism is a liberal arts course followed by an intensive course of one year of graduate work."

Almost all the members of the journalism faculty are practicing newspapermen or magazine workers, drawn from the staffs of New York publications. The courses concern themselves with the editorial aspects of newspaper and magazine work alone. There are a large number of seminars and discussion groups on newspaper problems.

The framework of this curriculum is undoubtedly the soundest offered by any American university, but it perpetuates the basic fallacy of the journalism school — that it is possible to formulate the practices of a profession which, by its nature, must operate empirically. But the Columbia graduate has at any rate the essentials of an education, and if his postgraduate year does not make him a newspaperman he has lost at the most a year of his time.

The Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University, offering journalism courses only in the fourth and fifth years, escapes in the same way the worst fault of most other schools. Northwestern has also the staffs of the Chicago newspapers to draw upon for instructors. However, since its endowment came from the

founder of the Chicago *Tribune*, the school must follow largely the journalistic precepts of Colonel Robert R. McCormick.

The Medill school is less a professional institution than the Columbia college. Besides training in editorial practices, it offers courses in such subjects as advertising, circulation management, radio advertising, copy writing, news broadcasting, radio script writing, radio continuity writing, publicity, and short story and juvenile fiction writing. With so many journalistic subjects, the student has little opportunity to fulfill more than the minimum requirements in the liberal arts, which include a year of laboratory science or mathematics, a year of literature, and 30 quarter hours of social science, including at least a year in American or European history. Yet Northwestern must be adjudged among the foremost schools of journalism in the country.

Comparison of curricula cannot establish the comparative worth of any such schools. Largely, the assessment must be based on the clinical ability of the instructors, an ability to be gained only in professional practice. In too many schools, these instructors are men of little or no professional training, and must depend on textbooks for their authority, surely a perilous method in so viable an institution as journalism.

In one such school in the Midwest, and by no means the worst, the total professional experience of the staff,

the dean included, is less than 15 years. Two of the instructors have no such experience, another has done occasional work for a newspaper since he began to teach, and two others served one highly undistinguished year apiece in the field.

One of these instructors has feature writing as his subject. I have had occasion to examine some of this man's professional work. It is, of all the news writing I have seen, among the most pedestrian and unimaginative. His copy is riddled with the painful clichés and downright bad English of the hack journalist. Another man teaches headline writing after a year on a copy desk where he was notable only for being the most inaccurate man on the desk.

It was from this school that a typical class of 65 graduated a few years ago. Of this number, only two found a place in journalism, and another went into advertising. Sixty-two others made tacit confessions of their own failure and that of the college to perform its functions.

A breakdown in graduation requirements of one of the leading journalism schools shows 30 credits in journalism needed for a degree, but a mere 12 in English, and only 3 in history (for which mathematics may be substituted), 3 in political science, 3 in economics and commerce, 3 in sociology and 3 in psychology or philosophy. Credits in advanced English and creative writing may not be counted toward a journalism degree.

The professional courses are a hodge-podge of subjects. Writing of journalism schools, Henry L. Mencken once said that "their like is not to be found in schools of medicine or law, but in schools that teach barbering, bookkeeping or scenario writing."

To make a journalism course stretch over four years, the pedants in charge of most of the journalism schools have devised some stupendous frauds for wasting the time of a student. At one school, the student is given an issue of a newspaper and told to measure its news content, classifying it as national, international, local, state, crime, society and the like, working out the percentage of each. The results are checked against a chart prepared by the dean, and the paper's excellence is thus adjudged by its degree of conformity to the chart. The chart itself is an arbitrary gauge, prepared a quarter of a century ago, and reflecting only the judgment and prejudices of its author. It takes no account of a changing emphasis on values — or even of day-to-day developments in the news. The exercise has no relation to the student's needs, but it is the common lumber of the journalism schools. It is a device of teachers who, as Mencken points out, "are seldom men of any genuine professional standing, or of any firm notion of what journalism is about."

Thus, a young reporter comes to a newspaper, not with the tools he requires — a sound foundation in general knowledge — but with an as-

sortment of academic gadgets which have been sold to him by the scholastic pitchmen. It is of little moment that a reporter has been taught to write a story according to a stated formula if he lacks the training to understand its historical implications, or that a copyreader knows the mechanics of writing headlines if he is unaware of the forces that move the world.

It is a common experience of city editors that, given two young reporters, one a journalism student and the other presumably untrained but with a background of liberal arts, the latter will be the better man because he is less afflicted with predetermined technical theories. It is small wonder that a newspaper looks beyond a journalism school when it seeks to fill a specialized post. A financial editor is more apt to come from a school of business administration and a political reporter is more likely to be a student of political science than of journalism.

III

Pedantic snobbishness is a mark of the journalism teacher. A newspaper colleague, a Ph.D., who had spent twenty years in newspaper work in positions ranging up to managing editor, was refused a journalism school appointment because none of his degrees was acquired in a school of journalism. On the other hand, it is not unusual for a graduate to become a teacher without any professional training, thus perpetuating all the

fatuous notions laid down in the textbooks. I know of one instructor who had spent a few years on a newspaper thirty years before he began to teach; a major part of his students' work consisted in helping to correct galley proofs on juvenile books, which the instructor turned out in quantity.

In another school, the students are put to work setting type, a trade they will not be called upon to exercise even in the far hinterlands of the industry. But the school has a large, if inept, supply of free help in its print shop. At another large university, the college daily and the school of journalism are entirely divorced; if the journalism student participates in its operation he does so at the sacrifice of his own time and without the blessing of the dean.

The attitude of the journalism teachers to outside courses in English stems from the false and dangerous assumption that newspaper writing differs from all other writing. Of course, the best writing craftsmen, both inside and outside the newspaper business, present their material as simply and directly as possible. Like any other form of writing, that for the newspaper has its own method of organization, but that is the whole difference, and any competent writer can adjust himself to that form. Much of the muddy and trite writing that appears in newspapers derives from the horrid and barbarous belief that there is a legitimate subdivision of the language known as "newspaper English," or "journalese."

One of the most distinguished stylists in American letters, H. L. Mencken, began his writing on newspapers. He is one of the most vocal and virulent critics of journalism schools. His indictment is based on their slipshod methods and their jimcrackery curricula. "They are nearly all," he says, "too easy in their requirements for admission. Probably half of them are simply refugees for students too stupid to tackle the other professions. They offer snap courses and promise quick jobs. Young men and women issuing from general arts courses make the better journalistic material."

It might be noted that Mencken's right to speak has been privately challenged by the pedants of these schools because he lacks a journalism degree.

That the era of the decline of newspaper influence has almost paralleled the era of the journalism schools can be nothing but coincidental. Other and more potent factors have been at work to accomplish this result. But the schools have neither the foresight nor the capacity to combat this development. Nor have they prepared students for anticipating the future trend of newspapers. Because the daily journals must compete in a new world of communications, they are faced with the need for revolutionary changes to survive.

Basil Walters, executive editor of the Knight newspapers, which include the *Chicago Daily News* and the *Detroit Free Press*, writes:

It is my feeling that a change is gradually coming through the newspaper profession and that there is great opportunity for newspapers which have the nerve to try things new and to keep up with the times and pioneer in three-dimensional journalism. The third dimension I would class as depth. The big problem today is to make significant news interesting, to dig out the significant news and to present it in a way that people understand. . . .

The journalism schools, because they teach theories based on second-hand observation, are without power to provide the impetus for such revolutionary changes, since their courses are fashioned to perpetuate existing practices.

Inherent in the journalism school is a need to reduce to static formula what is dynamic by nature. News values change according to the circumstances of time, of persons and of coincidence. What is inconsequential today is of moment tomorrow because of special conditions. "Dog bites man" may be much more newsworthy than "man bites dog": if President Roosevelt's Fala had bitten Josef Stalin at Yalta, the event would have taken news precedence over an ordinary citizen's carnivorous assault on an ordinary mutt.

In a recent talk to high school students, Marvin H. Creager, editorial advisor of the *Milwaukee Journal*, said:

Some go to college to learn the technique of newspaper work. Well, there is not much technique about it, and what there is, is subject to change without notice. And in learning this technique they spend

time that might better be used in learning something to write about. Too often they do not even have time to learn where and how to find something to write about. They do not get enough background of fact to be able to judge whether what someone tells them is fact or fiction. And if you cannot distinguish fact from fiction fairly accurately, you are sure to have your bad moments in journalism.

In *The Disappearing Daily* Oswald Garrison Villard concluded sadly that:

There has been a marked deterioration in the character and quality of average reporting. . . . In the main, the reliability of news accounts is far below what it was years ago. Too often the reporter sent to interview the visitor in town knows nothing about the subject which he asks his victim to discuss. I have encountered reporters who could not understand the simplest development in international affairs and showed their ignorance of outstanding men in American life.

There are newspapers of character and of fine tradition, whose reporting is consistently intelligent, but these are chiefly in the larger cities. With a few notable exceptions, the small city papers, where the bulk of newspaper circulation lies, have suffered the most tragic declines. They are, with the noted exceptions, stodgy, inelastic and uninformative. Few of them display editorial initiative or enterprise; most are concerned with avoiding controversy that might adversely affect advertising. It is to such papers that the great proportion of journalism-school graduates must look for jobs. Unless they are able to

bring to such papers the capacity for improvement, the further decline of small city newspapers is assured.

It is unlikely that the required change in instruction methods will be applied by the journalism school faculties. They are too firmly rooted and too well satisfied with their present situation to initiate such changes.

IV

How little hope of reform lies within the schools themselves is tragically apparent in the reaction of these educators to the report of the Commission on the Freedom of the Press.

Newspapers dismissed the report as an "academic treatise," and assailed its authors as "professors," as if that indictment alone damned it. The commission had as its chairman Robert M. Hutchins, chancellor of the University of Chicago. Other members were Zechariah Chafee, Jr., professor of law, Harvard; John M. Clark, professor of economics, Columbia; John Dickinson, professor of law, Pennsylvania; William E. Hocking, professor emeritus of philosophy, Harvard; Harold D. Lasswell, professor of law, Yale; Charles E. Merriam, professor emeritus of law, Chicago; Reinhold Niebuhr, professor of ethics and philosophy of religion, Union Theological Seminary; Robert Redfield, professor of anthropology, Chicago; Arthur M. Schlesinger, professor of history, Harvard; George N. Shuster, president, Hunter College. The two non-professorial members were Beardsley Rumml, chairman of the

Federal Reserve Bank, New York and Archibald MacLeish. One typical response was that of Grant M. Hyde, director of the school of journalism at the University of Wisconsin, who said waspishly: "It sounds just like Hutchins. And being a graduate of the same university as he — with the same educational background — I feel impelled to say that he would show a more scholarly spirit if he would investigate what the schools of journalism are doing. He evidently knows nothing about them."

Of the commission's objection that the schools fail in a critical attitude toward the profession, Paul J. Thompson of the University of Texas and immediate past president of the American Association of Schools and Departments of Journalism had this to say:

I believe we can serve the profession of journalism better by co-operating with the press than we can by criticising. *I'm sick and tired of criticisms of the press; responsible people had better begin showing more appreciation of the press.* (Italics inserted.)

There were a few more forthright comments than Thompson's. Several of the educators frankly admitted that newspapers have so intimidated schools of journalism that many of them dare not criticize press performance.

"A professor thinks twice before tackling a buzz saw," Oliver R. Smith, acting chairman of the journalism department at Brigham Young University, confessed candidly.

Dean R. L. Crossman of the University of Colorado journalism school admitted that "schools are afraid to speak for fear of alienating the goodwill of the newspapers," and Wallace R. Biggs of the University of Wyoming said, "apparently schools of journalism don't feel quite sure enough of themselves yet to 'bite the hand that feeds them.'" William A. Glenn of Denver University, summed it up thus: "Journalism graduates need jobs. Hence the smaller school does not dare offend the publisher."

The way to reform is perhaps best pointed up by the Nieman Fellowships at Harvard University. Established by Lucius Nieman, founder of the *Milwaukee Journal*, and his widow, the fellowships afford a year of study for a limited number of working newspapermen. There are no courses in journalism. Instead, the whole field of instruction is open to the chosen candidates. The courses are designed to increase the competence of the student in the subjects with which they have to deal. Even examinations are optional with the student, and there are no special requirements of formal education for entrance.

The conditions and the limited openings are such that the fellowships in themselves do not provide the solution. For undergraduate students the problem is different. In a letter, written in response to a number of questions on the subject, Basil Walters of the Knight papers says:

My ideal system for the training of newspapermen would be for a college or a university to have a man of wide experience as an adviser to students who plan to make journalism their life work. I would have him consult with all the students who think they are interested in journalism, probably before they are admitted to college. This man would have sympathetic understanding of all the deans in the college. In consultation with the various deans, he would try to work out the proper educational course for the student.

I think I would make available to these students this superman who would be there for consultation and inspiration. He certainly should not be loaded down with instructional responsibilities. Instead, he might borrow from the Nieman Fellowship experience of holding seminars with various leaders in the field coming in for informal discussions.

Among the most thoughtful of modern newspaper executives, Mr. Walters admits that he has been "frightened by the attempt to standardize journalism schools. I have had some cracking good men out of small liberal arts colleges which could not qualify as having journalism schools if we are to set up a rigid list of standards." It is exactly in these small liberal arts colleges, where it is impossible to set up elaborate journalism establishments, that the student gets his soundest instruction in the vital subjects which will affect his task.

Mr. Walters further agrees with a suggestion that the profession would be more adequately served if the teaching of journalism were limited everywhere to a final year of instruction in technical aspects. He proposes that in the final year the in-

struction might be centered in the production of a top-notch college newspaper.

"I don't think I would run this newspaper as many college newspapers are run, however," he continues. "I believe the managing editor, city editor and copy desk head should be the best professional men a college could attract. Actually, the college paper would be operated in much the same manner that a small top quality newspaper is operated. The intensified professional work in the last year could give these students more actual training in three to six months than they receive under the other method in four years."

Still more important than the final intensive instruction in technical newspaper production is an equally intensive three years of preparation for it. Under such a plan, the student would have the widest possible choice of subjects in this period, designed to give him a background of knowledge that would give purpose and validity to his professional training. Even though he might come to a newspaper without knowing the difference between Cheltenham and Bodoni type, he would be far better fitted to deal with the facts and their implications and far more capable of presenting them with the necessary understanding.

AUTUMN

BY DAVID MORTON

Autumn will have its way . . . The intrepid heart,
Hearing, at night, the break of leaf to ground,
Hearing the rain, it may be, on the leaf,

Will wake in the blind darkness with a start,
Reflect, and listen quietly to that sound
That is less than sorrow, less than a named grief:

Somewhere . . . the heart had lost a leaf? . . . Some laughter?
Rain in the breast, anonymous, now, was sad? —
And the heart is quieter than its wont, days after,
For something lost . . . something . . . that once it had.

NEW YORK, THE EMPIRE STATE

BY SAM SHULSKY

TO BE a York Stater is to live with horizons unlimited —economically, socially and culturally.

Within the boundaries of this state you can chicken-farm a few acres outside Rochester, or sit at a desk 1000 feet above the New York City pavement and do business over private wires to Amsterdam and Alexandria. You can sell a three-cent newspaper or a 50-million-dollar bond issue in just about the same space of time. You can lie in a drunken stupor on the sidewalk, and you can pick your way around a drunk on your way to a reception for visiting royalty. You can watch a delicate brain operation at the world's finest medical center or attend the world's most famous concert hall. New Yorkers steer oil barges along the Barge Canal, sew clothing known wherever men value quality and load potatoes on freighters bound for hungry Italy.

Geographically, the commonwealth of New York is 600 miles across (if you include the long arm of Long Island jutting out into the Atlantic)

and 320 miles from north to south. Its 48,000 square miles contain some of the nation's highest mountains and broadest valleys; it has rural hamlets which lie adjacent to colossal factories; it has many backward small towns and the biggest and most modern of all the world's cities. Its citizens came to it from every state in the union and every land on the face of the earth; its talented offspring and its products are as widely famous.

In population, of course, it is the largest in the United States. The latest count of 13,693,244 makes it virtually an empire in itself, with more inhabitants than at least two score foreign nations.

New York is the Empire State, and the designation is singularly appropriate. The state lies in the heart of a region which is old, wealthy and urban — which is traditionally the center of the concentrated wealth and capital of America. In the last years of the eighteenth century, George Washington, traveling through the state with its first governor, George Clin-

SAM SHULSKY was born in Rochester, N. Y. and educated in that city's public schools and university. He began newspaper work there while still in high school. In 1935 he came to New York City, where he is now assistant financial editor of the New York Journal-American and the International News Service. This is the second in a series on the American states. Another state profile will appear in an early issue.

ton, predicted that this country, newly won from the Indians, might well become the "seat of an empire." Washington's vision has come true. New York is not only the heart of the United States, but it has now become formally what it was for many years in practice — the world capital. With the establishment of the United Nations at New York City, world peace has become the chief commodity for which the people of the world look to the Empire State, just as in the past they have looked to it for fashions in clothing, in plays, in music and in finances. Its culture, good or bad, has been the criterion by which world culture is judged.

Yet the state is far from homogeneous. An invisible boundary divides it into two parts which are approximately balanced in population, but unequal in wealth and power, and even antipathetic in their approach to living. This boundary is formed by the Hudson River and the Westchester County line. To the east and south is the New York City metropolitan area. To the west and north is "upstate."

Conscious and proud of the fact that it is his city which gives the state both its name and its fame, the resident of New York City refers to himself as a New Yorker. The upstate resident, just as proud, scorns this title. He calls himself a Syracusan, a Rochesterian or a Genevan, appending the "New York" only where it is absolutely necessary for further identification. In contrast to the "New

Yorker," he speaks of himself as an "upstater." There is no love lost between the two.

For into the 36-by-16-mile rectangle which makes up New York City (it is only 1.2 per cent of the state's total area) there is crowded about 55 per cent of the state's population, most of its wealth and practically all its glamor and excitement. The metropolis' attitude toward this imbalance is inconsistent. It tries to dominate the state's thinking, yet considers itself apart from and above the state — attached to it only by a geographical accident. Indeed, in a running battle of more than three quarters of a century, New York City sought to declare itself a separate commonwealth — the State of Manhattan. As far back as 1861, Mayor Fernando Wood dared to suggest in his inaugural address that the city should become a "free city," independent of the state, if not of the nation. He asked:

Why should not New York City, instead of supporting by her contributions two thirds of the United States, become independent? As a free city, with but nominal duty on imports, her local government could be supported without taxation upon her people. Thus we could live free from taxes.

In the early 1900s a bill was introduced in the Legislature to protect the city from "being trampled by upstate Republican legislators."

These efforts failed, and they made the upstater stiff-necked, proud, independent and hostile. Whatever the New Yorker wants, the upstater is

"agin it." Politically he opposes the metropolitan Democratic machine with a Republican bossism that is every bit as venal. He has continued to interfere in as many internal New York City matters as possible, even to the extent of determining how much fare metropolitan subway riders should pay, what taxes the city may levy, and how heavy they should be. He has seen to it that the big city pays 74 per cent of the state's total taxes, but enjoys the benefits of only 57 per cent of them.

II

Despite the city's majority in population, the upstater has retained for himself 83 of the 150 seats in the State Assembly and 31 of the 56 in the Senate. Nor will he admit the unfairness of such representation because down through the years he has built up a mortal fear of falling under the domination of the metropolis. He has never considered the New Yorker "normal" in the sense that he views his own life as the American norm. Even though he is proud of living in a state which possesses the world's finest and biggest and best harbor, newspapers, theatres, orchestras, shops, buildings, banks, museums, athletic teams and universities, he has no faith in the common sense of the city which provides all these distinctions. He distrusts it because of its polyglot population, its municipal budget of nearly \$3 million a day, its sensational newspaper headlines and its mobs in Times Square. All these do

not inspire confidence in him. He regards these goings-on with the same disapproval and concern that a substantial, hard working parent has for the shenanigans of a reckless, if inspired, offspring. The upstater feels that he knows there is much more to the Empire State than New York City. He does not intend to allow the metropolis to blind the world to the importance of upstate's agriculture (it is the seventh most important farming area in the country), its gunshops at Ilion, copper mills at Rome, glass works at Corning, shoe factories at Binghamton, camera works and clothing shops at Rochester and electrical equipment and giant locomotive plants at Schenectady. There are, in fact, 421 different kinds of manufacture in New York state, which is more diversity than any other state in the union can offer. Moreover New York's industries are larger: the average upstate plant employs 57 workers, compared to a national average of only 28. The upstater knows, too, that his is an industrial empire built predominantly on skilled, rather than cheap, labor; and that it has brought him one of the highest living standards in the world. He earns \$1616 for every member of his family, which is 39 per cent better than the average American worker does. He is keenly aware that he's "got something" here, and he will fight hard against any attempts to change it.

The result is that the upstater tends to be staid and conservative. New York city's irresponsible mobs

(as he views the issue) are not going to run his state. Radicals may sound off in Manhattan's Union Square, but in Rochester, Buffalo and Albany they are given short notice. Bobbysoxers may swoon in Broadway movie houses, but the upstater has no truck with such foolishness. He is above all a man of substance.

He was not always like this. When America was a nation of pioneers and upper New York was still a frontier, the region was the center of a great spiritual fermentation. Along a 25-mile-wide ridge stretching clear across the state from Buffalo to Albany, more social and religious movements sprang up in the early nineteenth century than in any other such area in the world. This ridge, which in geologic times had been thrown up as the southern shore of an ice-age lake, became the scene of a social and religious revolution against all the crudities and boredom of frontier life. Along this "psychic highway" dozens of organizations and communities arose, all of them aiming at a closer communion of man with the supernatural, or at a more advanced social, economic and cultural approach to life. There were the Mormons, the Millerites, the Roycrofters, the Spiritualists, the Shakers, the Covenanters, the Harrisites, the Oneida Community and Chautauqua. For a hundred years these movements lifted the early upstater out of the mundane routine of the plow and the factory. But these efforts have long since lost their significance: nothing is left but

a few memories and marble tablets.

The Mormons left upstate for the more hospitable soil of Utah, and have since met the rest of the world more than half way by banning polygamy. The Millerites now restrict their predictions of doom to the zanier atmosphere of Southern California. The Oneida Community is no longer remembered as one of the modern world's first attempts at communal living and is now known chiefly for its fine silver. Chautauqua has seen its shocking progressivism of a century ago absorbed into modern everyday thought.

When he thinks of these early movements at all, today's upstater regards them as bits of whimsy, as philosophies he must disavow by living the life of a substantial citizen. This he reflects in his voting, his church-endowed educational institutions, his newspapers and even his homes. The well-to-do New Yorker lives in a ten-room duplex apartment in a building which gives only a vague indication of his wealth and position, and none of his personality. But northward, all along the Hudson and eastward across the state, the Philipeses, the Schuylers, the Roosevelts, the Johnsons, the Sibleys, the Wadsworths and the Eastmans always chose imposing homes and tracts of land as the first sign of their standing in the community. They copied their architecture from the Greeks and took their town and city names from the Romans.

The average upstater is not much impressed by the glamor of New York City. He will go there, on occasion, to

take in a few shows, hear some concerts, or do a bit of drinking for a week or two. But he will return completely satisfied that he has the best of the bargain, always, of course, voicing the cliché — "It's a swell place for a visit, but I'd sure hate to live there."

III

What does New York City mean to the typical New Yorker? The question cannot be answered satisfactorily because there is no such thing as a typical New Yorker. Ethnically, culturally, economically and geographically, New Yorkers are too diversified. No less than 75 nations contributed their peoples to populate this city. The first came in the early seventeenth century, shortly after Hendrik Hudson sailed the *Half Moon* up the river in search of a passage to the fabulous Northwest. Actually, that passage did not come until 200 years later, when the Erie Canal was completed. But the big influx started in the 1840s, when physical and spiritual hunger in Europe turned men to the United States. By 1905 refugees were pouring through Ellis Island at the rate of a million a year, and they and their descendants have made New York the most "foreign" city in the world. It has more Englishmen than Southampton, more Italians than Rome, more Irishmen than Dublin and more Jews than Palestine. Many foreign-language newspapers published there have larger circulations than the papers in the Old Country.

How can one describe a Typical

New Yorker when the Jews' Yom Kippur slows business to a walk; when Italian fiestas absorb whole communities and when St. Patrick's Day means a city-wide celebration? How can there be an average New Yorker in a city where one family pays more for the care of its pets than another; only a block away, spends to feed its six children? How can one strike an "average" between a penthouse apartment and a Negro "lung block"; between the best high-school students in the country and the worst juvenile delinquents?

There is little uniformity in New York. The city changes, block by block, hour by hour. It has no "norm" in space or time. For these reasons, most of the standard clichés about New York and New Yorkers have only a partial validity.

"New Yorkers," it is said, "just couldn't live away from the noise and rush of the city." It is quite true that many of them would pine away on a steady diet of life in the wide open spaces or the small town. But what of the millions of men and women who commute daily to the suburbs, and the millions more who make the weekend trek to the country with an almost religious fervor?

"New Yorkers are hard and blasé," goes the refrain. But New York has more churches than any other city in the world.

"New Yorkers are forever rushing about in mobs; they are always in a hurry." This is true — except for the millions who work and shop and live

in the far reaches of the Bronx, Staten Island, Brooklyn and Queens, and who come to Times Square no more than once or twice a year.

"New Yorkers are cheap, loud and impolite." It is certainly true that the New York environment is not exactly conducive to gentility. When 21,000 persons, on the average, are jammed into every square mile, etiquette is likely to go by the board. There is often no alternative to yelling above the noise of the crowd; and the man (or woman) who doesn't push his way in to grab a subway seat as soon as the doors open may be forced to stand for the better part of an hour's ride. In a city where privacy is the exception rather than the rule, standards may very easily settle to the level of the lowest common denominator. When a man who lives in the Bronx takes a girl from Staten Island to a movie in Manhattan, it is perhaps inevitable that he will offend some people by kissing her good-night in the midst of a milling subway crowd. The size of New York makes it difficult for him to see her home, and the anonymity of people in a large crowd makes him indifferent to the opinions of others. Anonymity offers no inducements to improving conduct.

Yet there is nothing loud or cheap about the hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers whose interests and support have made their city the undisputed arbiter of the world's artistic life. Its major symphony orchestra is more than a hundred years old — the

oldest in the Western Hemisphere and still the most famous in the world, despite the meddling of New York's high society in the years since Arturo Toscanini relinquished the baton. New York supports at least a dozen concert halls, some of which offer as many as four different events in a day during the season. No concert artist can claim world fame until he has performed at Carnegie or Town Halls.

The city's literary life is also second to none. With only a few exceptions, the leading book and magazine publishers maintain their editorial offices in New York, and one third of all the nation's printing and publishing is done there. Even those writers who proclaim their love for the countryside somehow manage to stay within commuting distance of the city. At intervals, it seems, every artist must immerse himself in the creative atmosphere of New York; and even the legendary geniuses of Hollywood show a childish glee in paying astronomical sums for the rights to Broadway plays whose titles are all they will use. For the New York stage has been the home of American drama ever since the city won this distinction from Philadelphia in the 1830s.

New York is thus the cultural center of the world — a fact which should be borne in mind when too much emphasis is laid on the city's coarse, blatant manners.

"New York," it is charged, "is a hotbed of radicalism, of Communism." It should be noted here that in a

metropolitan area of $11\frac{3}{4}$ million even a normal proportion of radicals would make a lot of noise. Actually, the city is not very politically-minded. For years it tolerated the late Jimmy Walker as mayor, mainly because he was amusing. New York is obviously too big for anything resembling the New England town-meeting kind of government, and so most of its citizens are content to let the Democratic machine run it and hope for the best.

There are, of course, a good many members of the Communist Party in New York. A large contingent is made up of young people for whom Party work serves as a vehicle for bridging the gap between adolescence and adult life. Twenty-five years ago this vehicle was the Young People's Socialist League, many of whose graduates now vote the straight Republican ticket. Similarly, many of today's Communists, when faced with the problems of maturity, allow their rubicund activities to wind up in a subscription to the *New Masses* and a faint cheer for the May Day parade.

IV

If there is any generalization that can be made about New York City it is that life is harder for most of its citizens than for those of any other city in the country.

The New Yorker, because he lives in the midst of millions who are striving for a better standard of living — for better food, better apartments and better clothing — must expend

from 10 to 50 per cent more money and nervous energy than he would in a smaller city. Nevertheless, many New Yorkers who work and travel among the teeming millions are able to live in homes which are quiet, spacious and clean. The suburbs and the outlying areas in Staten Island, Queens, the Bronx and Brooklyn are populated by the millions who have decided that they must have some measure of comfort for their families, no matter what the cost. And so they pay rentals which are anywhere from 25 to 100 per cent more than would be necessary in a smaller city. Day after day the suburbanite will run for the 7:30 bus to the railroad station so that he can catch a 7:45 train to Grand Central, in order to get into the subway in time to get to the office by 9:00.

At night he will reverse the process — unless he decides to stay in town and go to the theater, or hear a concert, or enjoy any of the other cultural offerings which make living in New York City understandable. In that case he will be the one seen tiptoeing out of the theater in the middle of the last act, or walking out of the concert hall before the last number. From long practice as a commuter, he has learned to weigh the advantage of seeing the end of a play against the inconvenience of waiting a full hour if he misses the 11:05 train home.

Of course, even the dubious privilege of being a slave to time tables is reserved only for those New Yorkers

who earn enough money to afford it. Unfortunately, it takes physical strength, too. The years after 45 bring the danger of fatal heart attacks in the ranks of those New Yorkers who have "made their mark."

There are also many well-to-do New Yorkers who do not have to commute. They can retire into fine homes and apartments where they are protected against the traffic noises and filthy streets and other drawbacks of a big city where civic pride is practically non-existent.

But beyond these two classes are the many millions to whom living in New York City means three-room cold-water flats whose only windows give upon elevated tracks or air shafts heaped with rubble; who put the double bed in the living room because that is the only way their growing daughter can have a room of her own; who bathe in the kitchen and share a hall toilet with the other tenants on that floor. In fact, one recent survey showed that the largest single rental bracket in the city was in the \$30-40-a-month range. And today that means little better than cold-water flats.

What are these people doing in New York?

Like the millions of others lured there (native New Yorkers evidently do not reproduce) they came to get some of the easy money for which the city is so unjustly famous. (All New Yorkers, if you would believe the midwestern papers, spend their evenings giving away \$10 tips to nightclub

waiters. Even the Irish Sweepstakes seem to pay off better in New York than in St. Louis.)

Or they came to become famous, to be big shots, or for any of the other myriad causes which motivate flight from the unpleasant, real *here* to the roseate, alluring *there*. But whatever it was they sought, most of them have never found it. They have become submerged in the mobs who struggle along, in the midst of fabulous wealth and comfort, on \$25 a week in old-law tenements. Couldn't they earn the same \$25 in their native Denver, or Sauk Center or Louisville, and not have to fight 11 million other people to do it? Why don't they go home?

Chiefly because in New York hope springs eternal. There is always the chance of "the break" which will lift someone from poverty and obscurity to millions and the cheers of the multitude — overnight. New York is the city where an actor working on WPA one year owned three Broadway hits the next, where a roadhouse crooner sprang to national fame, where models marry millionaires and where hat-check girls wear mink.

And secondly, the New Yorker reasons, even if you don't get a break, where else can you live? You wouldn't call living in Rochester (or Cleveland, or Kansas City) really living, would you? What he is really trying to say is that the vicarious thrills he gets from being a New Yorker are enough to make up for all the hardships he must put up with to qualify for mem-

bership in that honored, if unrestricted, society. He means that if he were a porter in Kansas City at \$25 a week he would be only a poor porter. In New York, with the same \$25 income, he is a New Yorker! Being a New Yorker means:

watching the wealthy get out of their limousines at the Metropolitan Opera;
 asking Ingrid Bergman for her autograph even if you can't afford the price of a ticket;
 sharing the glory of the pennant-winning Giants (or Yankees or Dodgers);
 pushing your way to a bargain dress counter at Klein's and then marveling at the Fifth Avenue price tags;
 gazing at the Empire State Building and at the skaters in Radio City to your heart's content;

beating 20 taxies and 12 trucks across Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street;
 marveling at the Public Library even though you've never been in it;
 ditto, the Metropolitan Museum of Art;
 cheering the Irish shenanigans on St. Patrick's Day;
 throwing ticker tape at anyone who gets a ride up Broadway to City Hall.

This is the life which the upstater regards with a certain amount of hostility, even alarm. The split between the city and upstate is fundamental and it complicates enormously the problem of governing the state. But it has not thus far prevented the Empire State from living up to its name, and it is not likely to in the future.

PHRASE ORIGINS—19

TO SOW WILD OATS; *This phrase generally refers to the excesses or follies a man (or woman) has committed during youth. One explanation of its origin is taken from Scandinavian mythology, in which the vapors arising from the earth before any real vegetation had begun were called Loki's wild oats. In certain regions there is still a folk saying which is heard whenever good weather succeeds the mists — "Loki has sown his wild oats." However, there is an easier botanical explanation of the phrase. The wild oat has long roots which are difficult to eradicate. Hence, to sow wild oats (instead of the more tractable domestic kinds) may be taken as a symbol of folly.*

MORRIS ROSENBLUM

THE SKEPTICS' CORNER

by BERGEN EVANS



That cancer is "catching"

A recent Gallup poll revealed that one adult American out of five believes that cancer is "catching." The source of the "infection" was attributed to many things, among them the eating of peas out of a can and being bitten by a horse.

The cause of cancer has not yet been determined, but a vast amount of research has yet failed to indicate that it can be "catching."

That there is an undertow

Dr. William H. Davis, formerly professor of Physical Geography at Harvard, writing in *Science* some years ago, dismissed the dreaded "undertow," a treacherous and irresistible current that creeps seaward beneath the surf, as a bather's bogey. There is, of course, he granted, a seaward pull as each wave slides back from the beach, but this is intermittent and is reversed every few seconds by a corresponding shoreward flow. He made a sharp distinction between the "un-

dertow," as commonly spoken of, and a current that happened to skirt the shore. The latter would be rare and it would be hard to conceive of any configuration of the coastline that would compel such a current to come in at the surface and go out below itself. "It is only on a reentrant, bay-head beach — a pocket beach — between two salient headlands, and even there only while an on-shore wind is blowing," he said, "that a fairly active seaward undertow can be expected."

Professor Davis' article was indignantly attacked by various correspondents who accused him of misrepresenting facts and irresponsibly endangering lives, but who never got around to explaining just what an "undertow" is.

That flies grow

Two hundred years ago it was possible to be sympathetic with flies. My Uncle Toby (in *Tristram Shandy*) carried one that he had caught to the window and let it go, saying, "There is room in the world for me and thee," and

William Oldys wrote a poem beginning "Busy, thirsty, curious fly," and both performances met with popular approval. But the hygienists have changed all that. Outside of his own species the fly hasn't a friend left in the world.

An error concerning flies that is almost universal is that they grow. Not that the average person gives much thought to the subject at all, but if questioned he will usually confess that he had always assumed that certain species of small flies were "baby" flies that would in time grow up to be fully annoying. Actually flies remain the size at which they emerge from their pupae. That some of the smaller species often appear earlier in the summer supports the common mistake. Bluebottles, which also appear early, are sometimes accounted for as veteran leftovers, though they are generally perceived to be members of a different species.

The wise old owl

It's a bold professor who will investigate pretensions to wisdom. That's a sleeping dog that most of them prefer to let lie or a lying dog that most of them prefer to let sleep, or what you will. Dr. Lee R. Dice, of the University of Michigan, however, in certain experiments with owls challenged and, to his own satisfaction, refuted, the most ancient of all pretensions to wisdom. He found that owls weren't particularly smart in their foraging.

Not that his discoveries will affect

the bird's reputation. Since the time of the ancient Greeks, when "to send owls to Athens" was a proverb like our "coals to Newcastle," the owl has been esteemed wise, and facts have no effect on myths that venerable. Then the creature has all the appurtenances of those who are commonly accounted wise — a staring eye, a round belly and a solemn manner.

That the fixity of his stare will lead him to wring his own neck if you just walk a complete circle around him, as a New England belief had it, is open to question.

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy

Snakes in popular lore have a way of paralyzing their victims with a "hypnotic" stare. This baleful talent is usually lavished on birds and rabbits, though in William Gilmore Simms' *The Yemassee* there is a passage, thought one of the finest in literature by our grandfathers, in which a rattlesnake so immobilizes Miss Bess Matthews, the minister's daughter.

Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell, for thirty years Secretary of the Zoological Society of London, says: "I have now seen a very large number of birds and small animals in the presence of snakes, both under natural conditions and in captivity, but I have never seen any trace of what is described so often and so graphically, of a bird or little mammal being fixed by the beady, glittering eye of its enemy, and then inevitably, drawn by some invisible

force, slipping down the branch or along the ground until it falls into the jaws of the reptile."

The myth may have its origin in the practice of many animals of "freezing" to avoid being seen by an approaching enemy. Or animals may have been observed that were drawn towards a snake out of curiosity, for many animals are insatiably curious. Indeed, many predators deliberately exploit this failing. An octopus will wave one tentacle to attract a curious crab, and the stoat has an astonishing repertoire of acrobatic and tumbling tricks to arouse the interest of its intended prey.

That silver cooked with mushrooms will turn black if the mushrooms are poisonous

The U.S. Department of Agriculture says this is a fallacy and their words are echoed in the wind sighing over scores of graves. The best way to recognize a mushroom is by the word "mushroom" printed on the box in which you buy them at the store.

The "half-reasoning elephant"

The fabulous memory attributed to the elephant is only a vestige of his former glories. Pliny, Aelian, Solinus, Plutarch and other writers of antiquity endowed the elephant with the most lofty qualities of mind and disposition. The creature was thought to be a paragon of temperate reasonableness. It had its own religion, a daily

worship of the sun and moon, with a simple but dignified ritual. It could foretell the future. It assisted its comrades in life, lamented them with tears after their deaths and buried them with fitting obsequies. An echo of this lives on in the myth of the elephants' graveyard.

They were thought to be exceedingly modest. In their couplings, Buffon explains, "the female must place herself in an indecent posture, which she never assumes but when she thinks herself without witnesses."

But if modesty there be in the matter, it is apparently confined to the elephant alone. Inquiries regarding the reproductive period and processes of elephants are among the most common that the New York Zoo receives.

That wounds made by pins are more dangerous than those made by needles

It is hard to guess what the rationale of this widespread belief is. It may be based on nothing more sensible than that needles are harder and shinier than pins.

Such infection as may result from the prick of either a needle or a pin is caused, of course, by bacteria carried into the tissues and has nothing to do with the material of the pricking instrument.

A companion belief is that rusty nails or pins constitute a particular hazard. If they do, it is because they are particularly dirty. Rust in itself is non-poisonous.

Faithful unto death

A striking instance of a dog's "devotion" is recorded in the Chicago press under the astonishing headline "Dog . . . 'Saves' Women."

Nellie, the pet of Anthony Capocci, leaped on Louis Williams, Capocci's father-in-law, with whom the Capoccis were living. Williams repulsed the dog angrily and when Capocci came furiously to his dog's defense shot his son-in-law through the head and killed him. When the police arrived to take Williams into custody Nellie, "guarding her fallen master," bit a detective.

Mrs. Capocci and her mother, overwhelmed by the catastrophe, attempted to commit suicide. An officer of the South Side Animal Shelter who had been sent to take custody of Nellie found the women unconscious and had them taken to the County Hospital. It was by being the cause of his arrival that Nellie had "saved" the two women.

Is there any other civilization in the world, has there ever been any other civilization, is it possible there ever could be any other civilization, in which such a sad business could be presented primarily in terms of its relation to the dog?

That fish sometimes rain out of the sky

That fish have fallen from the sky during heavy showers would seem to be one of the most thoroughly at-

tested phenomena of nature. Dr. E. W. Gudger, Curator of the American Museum of Natural History, has collected 78 accounts, covering 2300 years and five continents, and is strongly inclined to believe all of them. Some insist that frogs, snails and turtles have also rained down, and the more extreme enthusiasts, who have banded together as the Fortean Society, in honor of Charles Fort, claim blood, milk, mussels, stones with weird inscriptions and even "the ceremonial regalia of savages." But the more "scientific" believers are embarrassed by the testimony of these eager fellows and stick almost entirely to fish, though now and then one of their own witnesses will ring in a few frogs.

Though no part of the world has gone ungraced, India is the favorite locale for these downpours and there, perhaps as a special providence to offset the ravages of famine, the supply has been pretty constant. Nineteen hundred and thirty-three seems to have been a vintage year and Dr. Sunder Lal Hora, writing in the *Journal and Proceedings of the Asiatic Society of Bengal* (Vol. XXIX, pp. 95-116), deals skeptics a heavy blow with some pretty strong testimony.

He quotes one correspondent who in 1905 had filled an inverted umbrella with fish and re-filled it "a few minutes afterwards" with a "shower of frogs." A "correspondent from Patna" attests that on the ninth of November, 1933, "a bright and sunny

day," he observed "a flock of 20 or 30 kites" actually *fishing in the sky*.

The chief witness is a Mr. G. T. Gill who had the rare good fortune to observe a rain of fishes in 1912 and two others in 1933. "I actually observed this with my own eyes," Mr. Gill states, though he goes on to make clear that what he observed was rain. "I did not notice fish coming down with it," he confesses. But there were a lot of fish lying around afterwards which the natives assured him had fallen from the sky. He would have observed them more closely had it not "involved paddling about" and getting his feet wet.

The question is, how did the fish get up in the sky in the first place? Fort claimed that there was a "Super Sargasso Sea" swilling around just outside the reach of gravity from which interstellar storms dislodged odds and ends upon this earth. Mr. Stanley J. Meyer, writing in *Coronet* (December 1945, p. 143) advanced a theory, on the authority of "Otto Geist, one-time Alaskan University Anthropologist," that arctic pluvial fish (where big ten-pounders come down, filling "all available pots and pans") are first frozen into the surface ice of the sea. "Winter pressure then breaks the ice into cakes, whereupon strong winds subsequently tear the fish from these icebergs and whirl them inland."

The orthodox explanation, however, "is to be found in the action of whirlwinds and waterspouts" which in passing over the surface of lakes and

oceans suck up vast quantities of water with fish and everything else in the water. Then when the waterspout or whirlwind breaks, or when "these and the typhoon and monsoon winds lose their velocity to a point where their carrying power is less than the pull of gravity on the fishes, water and fishes will fall as a 'rain of fishes.'"

Against this array of evidence and authority can only be set the facts that frogs and even small fish on the ground after a heavy rain — and that is all that has actually been *seen* by any reliable witness — can be accounted for by the flooding of ponds and drains. That and the fact that meteorologists (*vide* Wenstrom's *Weather*, 1942, pp. 323-28) are inclined to think that the cone of a waterspout is composed of spray or mist *drawn down from the cloud* and that such water as is drawn up from the surface by the vacuum — the only part that might possibly carry fish — would not be carried far inland and could not possibly be mistaken for rain. Milman (*Meteorology*, 1929, p. 342) says that "stories of large quantities of water being carried up from the sea into the clouds is pure myth." The whole controversy has been put on a wrong basis by the illogical assumption that it was primarily a zoological question; whereas it is chiefly a meteorological question.

There is no explanation of the Sargasso Sea and the wind-driven, fish-laden ice floes that the laws of libel would permit to be published.

OUR UNDERPAID COLLEGE PROFESSORS

BY NOEL O. LEWIS

Nor long ago the wife of a college professor published an article in a professional journal about the "Forgotten Woman" — the faculty wife. She described the joys of trying to bring up two children on a salary of \$3000 a year, living in a dilapidated \$60-a-month house, doing all her own housework, and at the same time trying to keep up with social and professional duties in a university community where many of the members enjoyed private incomes and the president had an entertainment allowance equal to half her husband's salary.

Her anonymous article drew equally anonymous comments from her husband's colleagues. "We must try to support a family on a wage based on the tradition that the college professor is both single and a recluse," said one. "The only economy that will permit us to live on our salaries is to have no children," said another. "Almost any building-trade mechanic or taxi driver gets a larger income than I do as a full professor," remarked a third. "The situation has become a notorious academic scandal," pronounced a fourth. "No one seems to see the

slightest relationship between what teachers are paid and the future of the institution." "I have had to forfeit most of my life insurance," was the comment of a fifth.

These timid voices were being raised at a time when elementary and high-school teachers all over the country, with the aid of a sympathetic press and an aroused public opinion, were demanding and receiving more money for their services. Spectacular picket lines in Norwalk, St. Paul, Buffalo and elsewhere were winning their point. New York City teachers, having achieved a cost-of-living bonus of \$600, plus a \$300 increase from the state, were demanding a permanent increase of \$1050 all along the line.

But what about the college and university professor, on whom "education for leadership" is so often said to depend?

Here there are few, if any, protest meetings, and practically no organization for the purpose of securing compensation commensurate with ability displayed, time, money and labor invested, rising living and taxation costs — and certainly no strikes. The scholarly mind seems not to believe in

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direct action. Professors have a keen, perhaps over-developed, sense of dignity and "responsibility." As one puts it: "The public is accustomed to having janitors, plumbers and telephone operators say 'I won't work unless —'; but it would shock the public conscience too much to hear college professors say it. Further, it would shock the professors themselves beyond repair. Individually, they will say it; collectively, it would be a breach of etiquette."

What the professors (and their families) had to bear in prewar years, when jobs were scarce and opportunities few, can be measured by one or two episodes. A full professor at one of our leading Southern universities used to bemoan the fact that he could not bring up his daughters properly on his \$3000 salary. His wife, a Ph.D. in science, who had herself once taught, started to work as a laboratory assistant, but the authorities decided that it was not dignified for her to be a laboratory assistant in the same institution, and she had to give it up. They had had to furnish their house piecemeal, one room at a time. She never dared buy any clothes, and got along for years on her pre-marriage wardrobe, while he raised vegetables in the garden, ostensibly as a hobby, but in reality to cut down on grocery bills. In the same institution, a full professor who was also dean of freshmen, at a salary of about \$3000 a year, had to raise a loan for the one and only occasion on which he was able to take a trip to Europe.

Now there is some evidence of an underground rebellion throughout the academic world. Professors are quitting the lecture-hall for industry, journalism and professional work. Very recently the University of Minnesota complained that it was losing to industry a large number of competent men who had spent ten to twenty years in academic life. Similar reports come in from institutions in every part of the country. The professors are going on strike. They are doing it individually, unwillingly and under protest, but they are doing it. The effects will be felt a few years hence, for the academic world moves slowly.

Most professors are idealists: otherwise they wouldn't be in the teaching profession. Only once in my twenty-four years of college teaching have I heard a colleague say that "the only thing in this teaching game is the money." And on only one occasion have I heard a college administrator charge that some of his men were inspired by what he termed *auri sacra fames*.

Also — and this will surprise many — professors are, as a class, mentally lazy. They are active enough in their own chosen line, but they hate the effort it takes to get out of a groove. The late Frederick B. Robinson of the College of the City of New York, a college president who believed in brutal frankness, once told a conclave of his faculty that they reminded him of a monastery of medieval monks. They chose, he said, the cloistered

quiet and seclusion of the college halls rather than go out into the competitive life of the outside world. The learned audience gasped, but he went on to remind them that even in their own jobs they were lazy and inept, so far as their own interests were concerned. "I see among you," he said, "many men who had a head start over me; and who were and are better scholars and better teachers than I. But I was a better businessman than they. I had enough business sense to leave this institution for another, from whence I was recalled, years later, in a far higher capacity. Most of you didn't have the energy to do that."

II

What is it, then, that is causing the academic worms to turn? What has made one man leave a full professorship to go into the importing business? What has made a dean abandon his career in favor of a vice-president's post in a corporation? What has caused a prominent research worker in physics to relinquish his "pure science" for a laboratory post in a manufacturing concern, a clinical professor to leave his training of young medical students for private practice, a specialist in constitutional law to enter government service? It is not lust for adventure, desire for glory or thirst for wealth. It is merely the fact that college and university salaries, once sufficient for the very barest minimum standard of respectable living, have remained almost at a stand-

still while living costs, including Federal taxes, have gone up more than 50 per cent.

Judged by the standards of the business or even of the professional world, professorial salaries have always been pitifully low. Five thousand dollars a year is still usually the top salary in our line. It is the maximum which at least one state (Kentucky) sets by law for the academic men in its university. There are few exceptions. Professors normally start their careers around the \$2000 level and advance, by slow though not sure or painless stages, up to \$5000 or thereabouts. There they stop. Some department heads and deans and a few full professors in our largest universities get more: \$7000, \$9000, even \$12,000, but these are the economic giants of our profession. Here are some offers culled at random from the "Vacancies Reported" page of the *American Association of University Professors Bulletin*, not of the depression era, but of 1945 and 1946:

Physics instructor, southwestern technical college. Must have Master of Science degree. \$2000 a year.

Woman instructor in home economics, midwestern college. \$2000-2400.

Instructor or Assistant Professor in political science and history, southern women's college. Age 28-40. Ph.D. preferred. Some teaching experience necessary. \$1200-1800 a year.

Geography instructor, southwestern college. \$2000-2200, depending on qualifications.

Botany instructor, large western university. Man preferred. Ph.D. \$2600-2800.

Economics instructor, midwestern state university. Maximum salary \$2700.

English instructors, men preferred, women acceptable. \$2000-2500.

Psychology instructor, Ph.D. preferred. \$2000-2500.

As recently as January 1946 the president of Williams College made a public plea for a minimum salary of \$2400 a year for college teachers; he is considered one of the most progressive among college administrators. Another president, on being told by a department head that he could get a first-rate physics instructor for \$2800, replied, "Then get a second-rate one for \$2500." When the subordinate protested, he cynically continued, "Oh, we'll pick up the first-rate professors cheap when the depression comes along!"

What is demanded in return for these princely annual wages? First of all, an investment of time and money amounting to about twenty years and \$10,000. Your college instructor or professor must possess, in addition to his Bachelor's degree, a Master of Arts or, preferably, a Doctor of Philosophy degree. A Ph.D. normally requires sixty points of post-graduate work, at the rate of one hour a week of classroom attendance and \$10 to \$15 a point. It calls for extensive research in a highly specialized field and the writing of a dissertation which must pass the scrutiny of a tough examining committee and must often be printed at the candidate's expense. In addition, the prospective professor must have teaching ability, personal-

ity, the proper blend of pride and humility, and a willingness to devote himself to education and scholarship.

It is not unusual to receive from college administrators letters calling for Solons, Esculapii, Einsteins or Edisons in embryo — at \$2000 a year. I have seen one which said:

We want a man thoroughly grounded in the theory and practice of education, and capable of handling our teacher-training courses in languages along with our courses in comparative linguistics. He must be competent to direct teacher-training in Latin, the Romance Languages, German, and possibly Russian and Chinese. To the properly qualified man we will offer an assistant or associate professorship with a salary of \$2500-3600 a year; summer session work to receive extra compensation at the rate of \$600 for six weeks.

An M.A. in economics, who had left college after getting that degree, was approached with an offer of a \$2000 job which would enable him to finish his Ph.D. work. "I am getting \$4800 from OPA for doing routine work," he wrote back. "I think I'll make hay while the sun shines. Can you give me a raincheck for later on?"

A 28-year-old economist in a government agency, who was being urged to go back to his old teaching job with a higher rank replied: "I've been making \$7000 a year. I simply can't go back, even as an associate professor, at \$3000."

A dean meeting a former student who had just come back from Brazil, where he had been doing some com-

mercial work, asked the young man whether he would care to contemplate teaching. "The firm I'm with pays me \$6200, plus all traveling expenses," answered the 24-year-old. "Can you equal that figure?" "No," replied the dean, "but maybe you can prevail on your firm to offer me a job."

College administrators have strange ideas as to what constitutes reasonable compensation, or what constitutes sugar-coating for inadequate compensation. A high-school teacher who made \$2700 a year received an offer to teach at a second-rate college in Ohio at \$2000. "We know this is less than you've been getting," said the letter, "but you'll be teaching college classes instead of high-school children." She turned the offer down, with the notation that it was better to be in a big high school than in a small college. One of her colleagues, not as far advanced in years or salary, succumbed to the lure of college teaching, and accepted the post at \$1800.

III

Twice I have been approached with offers to quit a higher-paying for a lower-paying post. In both cases the argument was the same. "If you leave the big city and come out to X (in the Midwest), you'll find that your living expenses are ever so much lower." Being a careful keeper of accounts — you have to be, in our line — I countered with very direct inquiries into various items of living costs. Food? Perhaps a bit lower, but

not much. Housing? A trifle lower, if you could find it. Clothing and manufactured goods in general? Higher. When finally itemized, the "lower living costs" meant only that there were fewer opportunities to spend money at X for such non-essentials as theatres, concerts, lectures, books and those other activities of the mind which are supposed to have a broadening effect.

On the other occasion, I expressed surprise at the lowness of the figure offered, considering that the post was one involving a much higher rank than the one I held. "But my dear man," came the reply, "don't you know that at Y (in the East) \$4000 a year is the absolute top? Only the deans and the president get more, and not much more!" Yet Y is one of the leading and most progressive universities in the country.

As for college pensions, out of the Midwest comes an authentic story (it goes back to 1916, but conditions have changed little since then) about a very learned professor who had reached his retirement age without having been able to accumulate much in the way of savings to eke out his very meager pension. The Greek peanut-vendor who sold his goobers at the campus entrance decided to retire about the same time. The two went into conference, and the outcome was that the professor bought out the stand and began operating it. Business boomed, but the authorities considered it a scandal, and finally took action on pensions.

Until two years ago there was no perceptible movement toward financial emancipation on the part of the professors. They seemed to take literally the dictum: "The advantage of a classical education is that it enables you to despise the wealth that it prevents you from achieving."

Then came a period of unprecedented prosperity for the colleges and universities. The "GI Bill of Rights" not only brought students to the colleges in unheard-of numbers, but permitted the boosting of student fees, with the government footing the bill. The professors, who had gone through the lean years of the depression and the war, during which they had been told that "conditions" did not warrant pay boosts or promotions, and had further seen their meager salaries deeply cut into by Federal war taxation, now thought their time had come, particularly since prices were steadily going up.

But little happened. A few promotions, held back for years on the pretext of hard times, were given out, as were a few overdue salary increases, of the individual \$200-500 type. Here are the figures brought to light by Sumner H. Slichter, of Harvard, in the *AAUP Bulletin* for the winter of 1946, based on a survey of 88 representative institutions from all sections of the country: In 1940, full professors averaged from \$2500 to \$5000; in 1946, they had gone up to \$3500-5000, while the average per-hour compensation for all occupations throughout the country had risen 60

per cent. In six of the surveyed institutions, no increase whatsoever had been granted; nine averaged less than a 10 per cent increase; twenty-eight had granted between 10 and 20 per cent; thirty-three between 20 and 40 per cent; nine between 40 and 50 per cent. Only three had topped the national average with increases of 60 per cent or over.

Columbia University recently came out with a new salary schedule establishing minimum figures for each rank, but "... the university is not able at this time to advance everyone to his appropriate position. . . ." At the same time Columbia appropriated over half a million dollars for new buildings.

In most academic quarters there is still a dignified, scholarly silence, but here and there a protest has been heard. It was brought out during the New York trucking strike that the average annual wage of truck-drivers in 1945-46 had been between \$4000 and \$6000 — considerably higher than the average pay of the college professors. At Columbia it was pointed out that while the janitorial staff, organized under CIO auspices, had won pay boosts of 67 per cent since 1941, the luckiest of professors had gone up perhaps as much as 25 per cent, the unluckiest much less. The 99 per cent average increase in industrial wages throughout the city of New York was contrasted with the average 10 per cent cost-of-living bonus granted to the professors in the New York City colleges. At New

York University the oldest and most conservative faculty members called on the administration and presented the case for the staff, with the result that a munificent \$400 cost-of-living bonus was given. In another large institution which, fortunately or unfortunately, has several wealthy men on its staff, a similar move was voted down. "Think of our professional dignity!" exclaimed the faculty aristocrats. "It is true that the cost of living has gone up nearly 100 per cent, and Federal taxes even more, but that is the fault of the government, not of the university!"

In some cases students have demanded to know why their increased fees were not passed on to their teachers in the form of pay boosts.

The critical situation of the college professor is reflected in individual resignations. One man imported from France as a great literary scholar and dazzled, no doubt, by the size of an American salary translated into francs, took one look at American living costs and resigned after one semester to join the French Supply Mission. Another man left a twenty-year career as professor of mathematics to take a research post with Bell laboratories. A third went back into the diplomatic service, from which he had misguidedly strayed into the academic world. A fourth opened a translation bureau.

Even more disquieting is the effect the salary situation is having on prospective professors. Formerly, nearly one out of every two college

and university students expected to go into some branch of teaching. Today, informal polls reveal that barely one in five dreams of the academic gown.

IV

College professors have a time-honored resource at their command — part-time work on the outside, often under a disguised identity. It has been estimated that 75 per cent of all faculty families round out their income to the extent of \$1000 to \$2000 a year by additional teaching, lectures, private lessons, writing and other activities. Evening-session and summer-session teaching are favorite sidelines, but the results are often discouraging. One man, for instance, reports receiving a take-home amount of \$840 for a full sixteen-week summer term.

The sidelines that do not involve teaching are many and varied. The New York press was agog recently over the discovery that a high school teacher was employed as a bartender in the evenings. College professors are generally more dignified in their choice of a secondary occupation. One man of my acquaintance does foreign-language announcing over the radio in his spare time. Several write for the newspapers and magazines, under their own or assumed names. One owns and runs a flying field, another does a thriving import trade in silks and laces. Ghost-writing is a favorite form of activity, ranging all the way from the highly respectable

revision of other people's manuscripts and the reading of books for publishers to the very questionable writing of Ph.D. theses, in whole or in part, for students in their own or other institutions.

Textbook writing is, of course, an old stand-by, and one that is smiled upon by the authorities. But textbooks bring in little in the way of royalties, and textbook publishers have learned the art of squeezing the very last cent out of their authors. One firm, for instance, issues contracts calling for a 10 per cent royalty on the basis of the *highest* trade discount at which a book may happen to be sold, which means that if a total of, say, 1020 copies are sold, 1000 to the retail trade at \$3, and 20 copies to a single retailer at \$1.50, the royalty for each of the total 1020 copies will be reckoned at 10 per cent of \$1.50. Besides, at least one institution now requires, in effect, that professors sign away to the university all their royalties and private fees.

Another and very serious objection to textbook-writing is that in most cases such works are simple potboilers. Far too many textbooks get written. They turn out to be profitable only if the writer or the publisher wields enough influence to get them adopted in a considerable number of institutions. On the one occasion when I allowed myself to be talked into writing a textbook, my collaborator kept remarking that we should follow as closely as possible the pattern set by So-and-So in his very successful text.

One day I lost patience and exclaimed, "But if So-and-So's book is so good, why not use it? Why are we writing one?"

Similar to the textbook potboilers in ultimate purpose are many so-called works of scholarship, including books, articles and reviews which are written, not to advance the cause of erudition, but to add to the author's bibliography and show that he is "active," and so enable him to wheedle a raise or promotion out of a board of trustees that doesn't know too much about the subject. It is estimated that perhaps half the nation's scholarly output falls within this classification.

The situation calls for a revised outlook on the part of college administrations, a recognition of the fact that professors, unlike the medieval monks mentioned earlier, have families to support and the obligation to live, with a measure of decorum, in the outside world. Perhaps the answer lies in fewer magnificent buildings, fewer grandiose research projects, fewer endowed activities, and a larger proportion of university income paid out to the men and women who teach. Perhaps it lies in Federal subsidies to our private colleges and universities, a measure to which the majority of the academic profession is resolutely opposed because it feels, rightly or wrongly, that it would restrict academic freedom. Perhaps it lies in fewer and better-selected students, fewer and better-paid professors.

A survey conducted recently at the

University of Michigan turned up several sensible suggestions. One was to raise tuition fees in private institutions to bring them in line with the new price level prevailing throughout the country today. Out of the 88 institutions mentioned earlier, 39 had raised fees less than 20 per cent, 24 more between 20 and 50 per cent, and only four 50 per cent or over.

Another suggestion involved the organization of a regular schedule of annual salary increments for professors at the various rank levels. Such regular increments are general in our high schools and in most colleges run by cities or states. In the majority of private institutions, promotions and increases do not follow a regular pattern, but depend on the whims of department heads and administrators. This causes many professors to turn

into "campus politicians," currying favor instead of improving their teaching and research. A third suggestion would ensure that faculties be consulted in the matter of budget policies, as they generally are in matters of educational policy. If members of the faculty had a voice in splendid buildings *vs.* living salaries, there might be fewer of the former.

If present trends continue, there is more than a threat that American scholarship will be drained of its most active, energetic and efficient men, and the academic profession again become restricted, as it once was, to persons of independent means, assisted by a number of sub-standard individuals whose only justification for joining the academic ranks is their inability to earn any sort of living wage on the outside.

OLD WOMEN

BY FRANCES FROST

They sit in windows or on porches, rocking,
moving their chairs to follow their friend, the sun.
They rock no children now. They are not waiting
for any shirt-torn battered boys to run

up the front steps and stop short from their arms.
They wait no longer for the whistled air
of tall men striding home. They lift slow smiles
into the sun as if they did not care.

They lift their heads like silver dandelions.
Their eyes have seen beyond the dark of sorrow.
They watch the street's new crop of dolls and marbles
and hope the sun will shine again tomorrow.

Had your health checked lately?

Q. Why see a doctor when you're well?



A. Health is more than an absence of disease. A medical examination permits your physician to determine whether you are as healthy as you can be, *and should be*, to live and work at your best. Or if you are below par, the doctor can often catch and correct trouble *before* a breakdown occurs. Most people should have such examinations once a year. In certain cases, and for people over 65, more frequent checkups may be desirable.

Q. Are "Fifth Column" diseases threatening you?

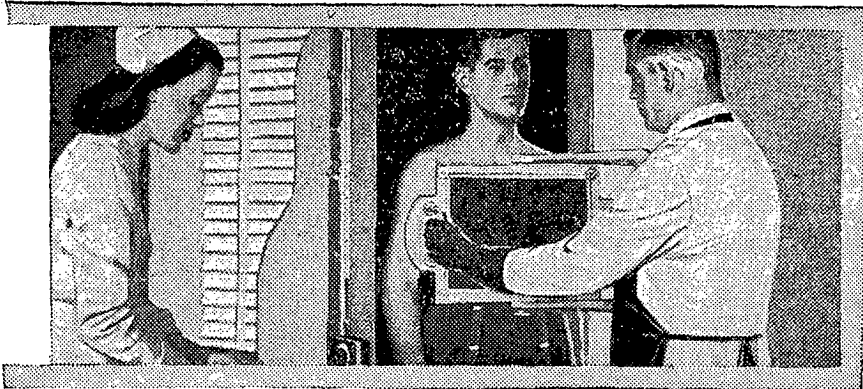


A. Diseases such as high blood pressure, cancer, tuberculosis, heart ailments, and diabetes may develop to a dangerous state without any warning symptoms. But they can be detected by your physician, helped, when necessary, by blood tests, urinalysis, X-ray, fluoroscope, electrocardiograph, or other diagnostic aids. Annual examinations will usually lead to the discovery of "fifth column" diseases in *their early stages*, when modern medical science can do most to control or cure them.

TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE

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Q. What about your daily living habits?



A. As part of your physical examination, the physician will probably check your daily living habits. He may ask about the amount and kinds of food you eat, whether you are getting sufficient rest and exercise, or how you use your leisure time. Knowing your daily habits and your attitude toward life may enable him to advise and guide you to better mental and physical health. By faithfully following his instructions you can do a lot to help assure yourself a longer, happier life.

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INCURABLE MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS

BY HOWARD A. RUSK, M.D.

ALTHOUGH the scientific procedures of medical research minimize the elements of chance, many brilliant contributions to the field of medicine have come about through fortunate accidents. In 1819 Laennec discovered the principles of the stethoscope when he used an improvised cone of paper to listen to the heart of a stout and overly modest maiden. Chance also played an important rôle in the discovery by Roentgen of the rays which bear his name, the development of vaccination against smallpox by Jenner, the work of Semmelweis in puerperal fever and even the recent discovery of penicillin by Sir Alexander Fleming.

It was likewise a fortuitous circumstance which laid the basis for what is known today about a devastating disease called multiple sclerosis. Nearly eighty years ago a servant girl in the home of the famed French neurologist Jean Martin Charcot developed some strange symptoms: involuntary movements of the eyeballs, tremors in parts of the body and scan-

ning speech. There was little to be learned about these symptoms in the medical literature of the day, even in the library at Salpêtrière, the great neurological clinic headed by Charcot. After the girl died, however, an autopsy revealed that she had been suffering from multiple or disseminated sclerosis. Charcot's description of her symptoms, together with the few prior contributions he and others had made, now made this disease identifiable for the first time. It is still commonly called Charcot's disease.

Multiple sclerosis, a chronic disease marked by a patchy destruction of the nervous system, is a tragedy for its thousands of victims. For medical science it is a baffling disease whose cause is unknown and for which there is no satisfactory treatment. For the man on the street it is merely a strange and unfamiliar medical term.

Since multiple sclerosis is a disease of the nervous system, it may affect almost any part of the body. Unlike most diseases, which are limited to several specific symptoms, the ravages

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of multiple sclerosis are unlimited. The location and type of the symptom, and its resultant pain and discomfort, depend on the part of the nervous system involved. Some of the more common signs of the disease are: disturbances of vision, such as double vision; tremors or involuntary quivering of parts of the body; nystagmus, or involuntary movement of the eyeballs; general weakness; disturbances in walking and equilibrium; numbness in various parts of the body; difficulty in speaking; and emotional instability.

With its wide variety of symptoms and effects, multiple sclerosis is a strange as well as a devastating disease. Its victims may suffer from sporadic attacks marked by the appearance of new symptoms or by an increase of the old symptoms. The extent of the disorders it causes is illustrated by the following case history of a patient in the early stages of the disease:

Some fourteen months ago he noticed peculiar pricking sensations ("pins and needles") in the left lower extremity, and, about three months later, complained of weakness in the knees and of blurring of vision of the right eye. A little later he observed that his balance was poor and that he had a tendency to stagger when walking. He felt dizzy if his eyes were closed. Eight months ago he began to have itching, especially of the nose and face. His disabilities increased so much that seven months ago he was compelled to give up his job.

About five months ago there appeared memory difficulties, not only of recent events, but also for more remote experiences. His speech also became slow. The fingers of his left hand became numb, and he had difficulty in buttoning and

unbuttoning his clothes and in lacing his shoes. Because of difficulties of vision, he got glasses, but the blurring of the right eye still continued. He had no headaches, but his sleep has been somewhat disturbed. . . .

This is a rather typical case history. It is not unusual, however, for the patient to have remission or relief from the attacks and for his condition to improve. Such remissions may last many years, and the patient may have relatively few recurrences. In other cases, however, the condition will grow progressively more severe, until the patient becomes a bed or wheelchair case, often within a year of the onset of the disease.

II

Although even the name of the disease is unfamiliar to the general public, it is one of the more common ailments of the nervous system. Until refinements in diagnostic technique and a complete knowledge of its symptoms made accurate diagnosis possible, multiple sclerosis was considered rare and mysterious. It is now known to be widespread, and new attacks on it are being started by an organization formed a few months ago — the Association for Advancement of Research on Multiple Sclerosis, which has its headquarters at the New York Academy of Medicine, Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, New York City. The Association was initiated by a group of multiple sclerosis patients and their friends in cooperation with some of the country's leading neurologists.

With a medical board headed by the eminent Dr. Tracy J. Putnam of the Neurological Institute of New York, the new organization will coordinate research efforts on the disease, gather statistics on its prevalence and geographical distribution, conduct a public educational program on the problem, and act as a clearing house for popular and scientific material on the disease.

As a first step in a nationwide survey to obtain comprehensive data on the number of persons suffering from multiple sclerosis, the Association recently sent a questionnaire to 17,200 doctors in seventeen counties in the New York City area. The physicians are being asked to send pertinent data on all cases of the disease they have encountered in the past ten years. This confidential information will form the basis for further statistical studies on the extent of the disease and its geographical distribution. So that it can complete its statistical survey, the Association is anxious that multiple sclerosis patients in all parts of the nation contact its office.

The study is particularly important, as there are very few statistics available which give a true picture of the prevalence of multiple sclerosis. Former studies have been based on hospital records, which are inadequate, as many patients are treated in their own homes or in physicians' offices, and do not enter hospitals. In one study conducted in the Boston City hospital in 1931-35 the patients with multiple sclerosis outnumbered those with in-

fantile paralysis by more than two to one, although this hospital is one of the few in Boston which admits polio patients in the early stages.

In a survey conducted in three Baltimore hospitals over an eleven-year period, 1929-1939, it was found that there were approximately 17.8 cases of multiple sclerosis per 100,000 population. Again, it must be remembered that this figure is probably minimal, as only three hospitals were included in the survey, and patients treated at home by their own physicians were not included.

Little is known about the cause and cure of multiple sclerosis, and current therapeutic procedures are still in the experimental stage. One current theory holds that patients afflicted with this disease have an abnormal clotting mechanism in the blood. The treatment suggested, therefore, is administration of an effective anti-coagulant to prevent blood clotting. The drug used in such treatment is dicumarol, a substance discovered several years ago as a result of an analysis of the causes of fatal hemorrhage in cattle which had eaten mouldy hay.

In a group of 33 patients who were given this treatment, 29 were treated without interruption for a total period of approximately 57 patient years. Among these 29, although some chronic progressive cases continued their downward course, no fresh symptoms or obvious acute attacks occurred. Treatment was interrupted for the other four patients, who were free from new symptoms while taking

treatment, but all of whom had acute relapses when it was discontinued.

This new treatment must be administered with caution, and can be given only under skilled, experienced medical supervision. The potential danger of the treatment may be seen in the case history of a 59-year-old man suffering from hypertrophic arthritis involving the shoulders, who, after reading about the experimental studies with dicumarol, diagnosed his own ailment as multiple sclerosis, obtained a package of the drug and took its entire contents over a one-week period. A few days later he was admitted to a hospital suffering from severe hemorrhages under the skin and in the lungs. Only prompt blood transfusions and Vitamin K saved his life.

The use of dicumarol in the treatment of multiple sclerosis is still in the experimental stage, and reported evidence, though promising, is still inconclusive. In fact, some observers report little success with patients who have used it.

III

Although no theory explaining the cause and treatment of multiple sclerosis has as yet been substantiated, it has been observed that the original onset and aggravation of the disease has been precipitated by such factors as infections of the respiratory tract, pneumonia, syphilis, over-exertion, exposure to cold, shock, poisoning and pregnancy.

Some neurologists have found that

dietary deficiencies have contributed to the severity and frequency of their patients' attacks. While most specialists hold that these factors are not basic to the cause of the disease, they feel that they aggravate the condition and should be avoided. They also recommend that advantage should be taken of regional differences in the incidence of the disease, and, if possible, patients should live in a warm, dry climate where upper respiratory infections are less prevalent.

The geographical aspects of the prevalence of multiple sclerosis are of significance, for although it is common in Northern countries—in France, Germany, the Baltic countries, England and the Great Lakes region of the United States—the disease is rarely found in the Mediterranean or our own South, and it is almost unknown in China, Turkey, India and Japan. Some workers believe the use of commercial, inorganic fertilizers to replenish depleted soil has some effect on the prevalence of the disease. They point out that chemical fertilization destroys the mineral balance of the soil, with the possible result that the mineral balance of the human body is disturbed. Chemical fertilization is used in the occidental world, where there is an apparently increasing incidence of multiple sclerosis, but in the Orient, where natural manures are used, the populace is relatively free from this and some of the other degenerative diseases. These ideas are still hypothetical, however.

In addition to its investigation into the geographical and climatic distribution of multiple sclerosis, the new Association plans a further series of studies. It will investigate the extent to which allergy factors enter into the disease. It plans to study the spasms of the blood vessels in the retina of the eye (a symptom common to most sufferers). And it is going to explore the possibility that the disease is infectious, as spirochetes have been found in the lesions of multiple sclerosis victims.

The AARMS recently made its first research grant—an award of \$64,350, which went to Dr. Elvin A. Kabat, assistant professor of bacteriology at Columbia University, for work in the field of allergy in connection with the disease. Dr. Kabat's work, which will be conducted at the Columbia University of Physicians and Surgeons and at the Neurological Institute in New York, will center around his previous successes inducing in monkeys a disease closely resembling multiple sclerosis by intramuscular injection of emulsions of rabbit or monkey brain. In his work, Dr. Kabat may find a clue not only to the problems of multiple sclerosis, but to other kindred degenerative disorders of the nervous system.

In addition to research into the causes and treatment of multiple sclerosis, AARMS is concerned with the rehabilitation of those who have been disabled by the disease. When the disease has become quiescent, most patients are in need of extensive physical rehabilitation and muscular re-education in the functional activities of daily living, in order that they may learn to live with the disabilities they have incurred. A frequent result of the disease in chronic cases is spastic paralysis, particularly in the lower extremities. As muscles have become alienated, patients must re-learn even such basic activities as walking. Encouraging results in the use of neostigmine, a drug which lessens spasticity, as an aid to muscular re-education have been reported by Dr. Herman Kabat, of the Kabat-Kaiser Institute for Neuromuscular Rehabilitation in Washington, D. C.

Since the original recognition of the disease by Charcot, research has brought us neither the causes nor specific treatment for multiple sclerosis. Now, however, for the first time, under the program of the Association for the Advancement of Research in Multiple Sclerosis, we have an organized, planned, integrated program to attack these problems.



THE THEATRE

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



THE DRAMA'S FOUR HORSEMEN

THE Four Horsemen of the contemporary American drama are Timeliness, Journalism, Cynicism and Laughs. The mounts are critics, and the quartet is in large part responsible for much of the desolation in which that drama is finding itself.

Consider the marauders in order.

The first, Timeliness, places a premium on the immediate chronological interest of a play's theme. A touching example of the degree to which the attitude goes is to be had in the New York Critics' Circle's award for last year's best play to the negligible *All My Sons*. The citation's most significant line read, "Because of the frank and uncompromising presentation of a *timely* and important theme." O'Neill's infinitely more important and superior *The Iceman Cometh* was dismissed by the awarders because, apparently, timeliness is considered a greater dramatic asset than timelessness. The O'Neill play deals with the spiritual needs of man

kind unending; the Miller play with the corrupt wartime sale of some defective airplane parts and the consequent killing of a number of Army fliers. It was therefore esteemed to be the finer specimen of dramatic art. If it was not esteemed principally on that score, we must believe that the awarding critics consider the novice Miller more expert in dramaturgy than the O'Neill who, by the same critics' paradoxical consent, is the foremost dramatist of the American theatre; that, for all its freely admitted faults, *The Iceman Cometh* is not more expert in character drawing than a play whose chief figure owns a factory that "looks like General Motors" yet who dresses, looks, acts and talks like a foreman's helper and who lives in a cheap little frame house with no servant to help his ailing wife run it; and that, because the O'Neill play consumes four hours and is not as compact as the two and one-half hour Miller play, the Miller play for that reason is *ipso facto* more admirable in artistic economy than even the four-hour *Hamlet*.

The veneration of timeliness is also clearly to be perceived in the case of other recent plays and has been instrumental, at its most preposterous, in according high critical favor to such a paltry example of dramatic writing as *State of the Union*, which carries timeliness to the extreme of altering nightly its references to the newspaper political headlines. A glance at last season's exhibits offers additional evidence of the tendency. Though *On Whitman Avenue* produced some critical qualms in other directions, the timeliness of its theme — injustice to the Negro — met with an almost unanimous critical endorsement. In the same way, the opportuneness of the various themes of *A Flag Is Born*, *Temper the Wind*, *The Big Two*, *The Whole World Over* and other such poor plays was greeted in the main with warm commendation, even if the plays themselves here and there were greeted with less. The same held true of experimental duds like *The Wanhope Building*, *The Great Campaign*, *O'Daniel*, et al. And Sartre's *The Flies* got such notices partly because of its philosophical identification with the moment as had not been read locally since *Watch on the Rhine* similarly inflamed the critical enthusiasm some half dozen years ago.

II

All this, of course, is a consequence of the Second Horseman's journalistic attitude toward the drama. With minor exception, our drama most

often depends for its life and livelihood not upon critics who view it as an art but upon newspaper reviewers most of whom regard it — perhaps properly and correctly in the nature of their jobs — through what they imagine are the eyes of the majority of their readers. It is these readers whose tastes they hope to serve and those tastes, they please themselves to believe, are primarily for passing entertainment or, at the highest, "serious" drama with something of a "message." The message, they further allow themselves to think, is best and most acceptable when it has to do with something in the immediate minds of their readers and which has been lodged there by the news of the day.

There have been and there are still the exceptional daily reviewers who seek to operate on more independent and loftier principles. But they are not the popular ones and their opinions are accepted mainly by the minority of their readers who are biased in favor of drama of some repute. And even they at times can not entirely resist the pull of what they are shrewd enough to realize is reader appeal. Compromise is accordingly not always beyond them. The more popular reviewers, on the other hand, are those who bear steadily in mind that the great majority of their readers have no use for the finer drama, that they can not be persuaded to attend it even if the reviewers endorse it, that it is therefore

ards of the majority, and that in doubtful cases it is best to side with that majority's prejudices, real or imaginary.

What all this naturally leads to is the reviewers' either quick or gradual surrender to the popular view of drama, again whether real or imaginary, and their acquisition of pride in being thus established as bell-cows of the larger share of the theatregoing public. The end-product of the attitude is the public's acceptance of critical guidance which is no guidance at all but simply an advance reassurance that its tastes are what they properly should be. It is, in brief, a leadership in reverse.

One of the fruits has been those tabulated critical scores, published by theatrical publications like *Variety* and *Billboard*, which lay unction to the vanity of reviewers who are nominated leaders by virtue of their having picked the greatest number of box-office successes regardless of merit. The pleased reviewers seemingly never stop to reflect that the box-office hits would scarcely have become hits had they themselves not helped them to become so. They do not pick the hits, as the scores appear to show; by their praise they make them hits. If their critical standards had been worthier, they would not have endorsed many of the plays and, lacking endorsement, the plays would in fair chance have been failures. And the reviewers, consequently far from being cocks of the Broadway walk, would be very much sounder and

more estimable critics, and the state of the drama improved and elevated.

The play that boasts authentic quality thus often has hard sledding, and the best that generally may be hoped for is that the play which rests half-way between real quality and compromise will get by. In the usual run, we find that plays which refuse compromise and, whatever their place in the sun, make an honest effort in the direction of dramatic worth, suffer at the hands of most of the reviewers and are doomed. I offer, in example, a few such in the last five or six seasons: *The Beautiful People*, *Walk Into My Parlor*, *Jason*, *Magic*, *Hello Out There*, *Run*, *Little Chillun*, *Outrageous Fortune*, *The Innocent Voyage*, *South Pacific*, *A Highland Fling*, *Trio*, *The Overtons*, *Dark of the Moon*, *The Deep*, *Mrs. Sykes*, *The Assassin*, *A Sound of Hunting*, *The Mermaids Singing*, *Lute Song*, *The Fatal Weakness*, and *As We Forgive Our Debtors*.

An extension of the journalistic attitude toward the drama may further be observed in the supreme Pulitzer prize nonsense. The committee of newspaper editors who bestow the annual award allowed at their most recent meeting that not only was O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh* not to be considered as worthy of any mention, but that neither it nor any other play of the year was deserving of the great honor that in previous years had been heartily conferred upon such masterpieces of the dramatic art as *The Old Maid*.

III

The Third Horseman, alias Cynicism, is the prime critical mountebank of the quartet. His adopted fury is sentiment. By nature soft as a fresh egg, he has persuaded himself, with visible strain, that a stern opposition to sentiment of any kind, except possibly in musical shows, will mark him out as a tough and superior mentality, not to be tricked by that feminine thing called the heart. Give him a play, however charming, that does not at least once relieve its emotional and imaginative delicacy with the ejaculation of a *son-of-a-bitch* and he makes a critical muscle. He is hardboiled, like a waiter's shirt.

His hypocrisy works its damaging will upon various plays that deserve better. For example, one such as van Druten's engaging comedy, *The Mermaids Singing*. The theme, you may recall, had to do with a middle-aged married playwright and an attractive young girl who admired him to the point of urging herself anatomically upon him. His reluctance to enter into an affair with her, despite strong temptation, because he well appreciated all the nuisance and trouble it would get him into, constituted the body of the play, which was thoroughly adult, sharply perceptive, and witty. The Third Horseman, however, rode into it lashing right and left on the ground that it was altogether too sentimental in moral tone. Just where it was too sentimental in any tone was difficult to make out. Though it may

have seemed so superficially, it was the exact opposite. The hard sense and cold calculation of the man in avoiding the sex relationship had about as much sentiment as double-entry bookkeeping. Yet the overwhelming fear of being considered sentimental led the reviewers to discern a moral tone in the man's abnegation.

What is here being written is plainly not intended as an argument for the sentimental in drama. Far from it. The argument is simply that where and when the sentiment is sound, the blanket indictment of it on the part of posturing critics becomes worse than ridiculous. And what is equally ridiculous is the confusion of sentimental values often found in these same critics. There is probably no play of any quality essentially more sentimental than Shaw's *The Doctor's Dilemma*. Yet though Shaw is at no pains to conceal the fact, the play is digestible to the critics on its author's general reputation, scarcely well-founded, for cynicism. There is on the other hand probably no play of any quality essentially more unsentimental than Saroyan's short *Hello Out There*. Yet, because Saroyan has the general reputation for crying into his beer, it is decried in various critical quarters for its alleged softness.

Sentiment seems somehow curiously to be associated in such critics' minds with playwriting hacks or with spongy dramatists like Barrie. Nor is it always a question of good and bad

writing, as those looking for an easy way out may contend. Where a more shamelessly sentimental play than the *Swanwhite* of the misanthrope Strindberg, than the *Hannele* of the realist Hauptmann, or than the *Peer Gynt* of the revolutionary Ibsen? Where, contrariwise, less sentimental and tougher plays than such hack opera as *The Great Magoo*, *Maid in the Ozarks*, and *Catherine Was Great*?

IV

The Fourth Horseman demands laughs above everything. He can conceive of nothing as entertainment if it does not succeed in causing him to open wide his mouth and emit noises of hyena volume. The art of the drama to him is a succession of simian antics. He goes to the theatre, he says firmly, to be amused, and he is evidently not to be amused by anything that aims a bit higher than his belly.

He is to be recognized in several ways. "The play" — whatever it is — "is sadly lacking in comedy," he writes. "The laughs are widely scattered," he deplors. "The humor, so far as it exists, is hardly robust," he complains. "There are a few chuckles here and there," he allows, "but otherwise a sad dearth of merriment." And so on. One of the few occasions on which he permits himself an excursion into the higher critical altitudes is in the instance of Shakespeare, whose clowns, he pontificates, are no longer funny.

No one not completely an ass protests against laughter in the theatre.

But no one but a complete ass admires it to the exclusion of almost everything else. The Fourth Horseman's admiration, furthermore, is critically indiscriminate. Anything, so long as it unbuckles his cackles, is due for his congratulations. There is small distinction between a *Born Yesterday* on the one side and a *Volpone* on the other. He is at once the interlocutor and end-man in his own critical minstrel show. Wit, he seems to maintain, is for the culturally snobbish; belly laughter is the ticket. And this belly laughter is chiefly the kind that follows the miscegenation of Billy Watson and the drama. We thus get from him, when duly gratified, such frequent and familiar testimonials as — I quote literally — "A laugh riot," "A comedy smash," "A wow," "It brought the house down," "The roars shook the ceiling," "One long, grand guffaw," "An uproarious show," "A hilarious ticket's worth," etc.

So far does the prejudice in favor of laughs go that there have actually been plays which have succeeded largely on the score of a single thunderous midriff reaction. This has been true since the evening, years ago, of *Turn to the Right*, with its "Has anyone in this town got a hundred and twenty-five dollars?", to *Dark Eyes*, with its Negro butler's "I wish to seize this opportunity to thank you ladies for the beautiful necktie you gave me," and beyond. It was the last minute insertion of the line, "She comes from one of the first families of Pittsburgh — as you enter the city,"

that partly saved the day for an old Channing Pollock show. And in more recent years the old-time Fourth Horseman's sons have indited extravagant praise of such dramatic claptrap as *Brother Rat*, *What a Lifel*, *Junior Miss*, *Over 21* and the like simply, it is to be assumed, because the shoddiness of the plays has been camouflaged with an occasional similarly pleasing joke.

Moreover, quality or no quality, it is significant that a large proportion of the critically endorsed successes in the last ten years have been the comedy laugh shows: *You Can't Take It with You*, *Yes, My Darling Daughter*, *Having Wonderful Time*, *Room Service*, *Susan and God*, *Amphitryon* 38, *Bachelor Born*, *Kiss the Boys Goodbye*, *The Primrose Path*, *Skylark*, *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, *Life with Father*, *The Male Animal*, *George Washington Slept Here*, the venerable *Charley's*

Aunt, and *My Sister Eileen*. Along with *Arsenic and Old Lace*, *Blithe Spirit*, *Janie*, *Kiss and Tell*, *Chicken Every Sunday*, *Harvey*, *Dear Ruth*, *O Mistress Mine*, *Born Yesterday*, *Happy Birthday*, *Years Ago*, *John Loves Mary*, the revivals like *Burlesque*, the *Brother Rat*, *What a Lifel*, *Junior Miss*, and *Over 21* earlier noted, etc.

To repeat, unnecessarily: there is assuredly nothing to be said against laughter as such. Even the slapstick and the bladder have their virtues. But one prefers generally to believe with Victor Hugo that comedy, when mingled with the drama, is better if it contains something of a lesson and has something of a philosophy. If that be the highbrow attitude, it is still what the critical attitude should painfully bear in mind. The comedy admired by the Fourth Horseman is a lesson in vaudeville and its philosophy that of a circus clown.



SACRILEGE

A STORY

BY ED McNAMARA

THE idea flashed into Jamesy's mind a moment after he realized what had happened. He was alone in the empty school. Now he could do what he had wanted to for so long. He moved out of the darkened hall and began to walk up the wide staircase.

His pulse quickened with the excitement of his secret purpose. His footfalls sent eerie echoes through the deserted school. The silence was unnatural, occasional lights glowed dimly down corridors and the wooden stairs creaked beneath his feet as he slithered to the second floor.

He walked past the fifth and sixth grade classrooms and halted before the fourth grade, where Sister Madeline taught. There seemed to be something special about the darkened door merely because she passed through it every day.

Paddy O'Leary, the first altar boy, had once said that Sister Madeline was as good looking as the Blessed Virgin. Jamesy thought it wasn't right to say that but he knew that Sister Madeline was as pretty as Ingrid Bergman any day.

She was the youngest of the Sisters who taught at St. Lucy's School. Her eyes were a wonderful, clear brown, with long lashes. She was always laughing or smiling and even the sound of her voice made Jamesy feel good inside.

He noticed that even the way she walked made him think of a song. Her black robes swirled about her in a certain, happy way. The kids in school jostled and fought to walk by her side, have her say something only to them. The girls brought her all kinds of little presents in packages tied with bows.

But Sister Madeline played no favorites. No one in school could ever brag that she had spoken alone and apart to him. She was always surrounded by a swarm of children, listening to her voice, watching her lovely, clearcut face.

Jamesy pushed open the door to the fourth grade and took a deep breath as he entered the dark classroom. He smelled ink and textbooks and pencil shavings. He walked down the aisle. The desks were very small

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by comparison with those in his own seventh grade.

He squeezed himself into the seat directly before Sister Madeline's desk. It seemed to have a soft halo over it and he almost caught the smell which always emanated from her robes.

He knew it would be at least another half hour before the classrooms began to fill up with children getting ready for the Procession. No one would ever know he had been in Sister Madeline's classroom.

Suddenly he heard the door swing open and his heart pounded frightfully. He heard footsteps pad down the aisle and then a dark figure brushed past his own motionless form. Sister Madeline sat down at her desk, her face a soft glow in the darkness.

She buried her face in her hands with a deep sigh, and then Jamesy's desk creaked. She looked up quickly, and with the same movement switched on her desk lamp.

"What are you doing here?" she rapped out. The strange coldness of her face struck Jamesy like a blow. He had never seen her face look so tired.

"I come here early to be alone," she said aloud and yet not to him. "It's so seldom I'm alone —"

Her voice trailed off and then she looked at him sharply. "What are you doing in my classroom? You belong in the seventh grade."

Beneath his confusion Jamesy felt a stab of pleasure that she knew that much about him. Then he was over-

whelmed by the fact of her anger. Here he was alone with Sister Madeline and she was angry with him!

"I — I came to school too early," he said. "Our clock at home must have been very fast. I didn't know —"

"But what are you doing here?" she demanded.

Jamesy struggled out of his seat, unable to reveal his thoughts.

"I won't let you go until you tell me," Sister Madeline continued in that sharp tone which hurt him so.

Jamesy struggled with his fear in the lengthening silence of the classroom. Finally he blurted out:

"I — I was never in your class. I always wish I had been. I just wanted to sit here and see what it was like."

"Oh," she said, and he heard her tone soften.

When he dared to look up, there was a tiny smile playing about the corners of her mouth. The lovely oval of her face brought a strange feeling into him. It was half hurt and half happy.

"It always makes me feel good when I look at you," he heard himself say.

Sister Madeline's face suddenly became that of a young girl and her laugh had a rich note in it. It said that she liked him. He felt their togetherness. They were alone, far away from the rest of the world. Suddenly the room became taut with that knowledge.

She smiled as though secretly agreeing with him and reached out her hand. Before Jamesy realized what

he was doing, he had caught her hand and was covering it with kisses.

She pulled it away with a little gasp. He watched it flutter back to the darkness of her habit like a frightened dove. Then the enormity of his offense overwhelmed him. He had kissed Sister Madeline's hand! A nun!

He had committed a sacrilege!

Jamesy tried to choke out an apology but his tongue could not move. He saw only a white blur where her face had been. He turned in panic and ran past the empty desks, dreading her voice recalling him. But he made the door and dashed down the dim corridor, down the steps and fled to the safety of his own classroom.

II

He sat down at his desk, shivering. Once he had had a mortal sin on his soul and had lived in terror until he had screwed up enough courage to confess to Father Hartmann. Now he had a sacrilege on his soul; a sin that was a thousand times more terrible than a mortal sin. He would never be able to confess it.

He wiped the clammy sweat from his forehead and began to feel sick to his stomach. Then Johnny Hickey, Tommy Cusack and a few of the other fellows came into the classroom. He tried to wave airily at them.

Johnny Hickey snapped on the light and stared at him. "What are you sitting here in the dark for? You look queer. What's the matter?"

Jamesy's heart sank. Already his

sacrilege was showing through the windows of his soul!

"Yes, I'm sick," he stammered, stumbling to his feet. "Tell Brother Hilary when he comes in. I'm going home."

Jamesy pushed his way through the crowd of children swarming the hallway. He felt them stare at him curiously. When he got home he went straight to bed, but he could not sleep for the nightmares.

The next day at school he dreaded Sister Madeline's summons. Whenever a little fourth-grader came into the seventh grade with a white note for Brother Hilary, Jamesy grew sick with apprehension.

But day after day dragged by and still there was no word from Sister Madeline. Yet he could feel the silent pull of her, demanding that he come to apologize. He never ventured out into the schoolyard during recess, for fear of seeing her.

Worst of all, Jamesy could not confess his sacrilege to Father Hartmann. His heart hammered with fear when he entered the dark, musty confessional. His throat and tongue were so taut that he could barely stammer out some trivial sins.

That meant a bad confession, a mortal sin, added to his sacrilege. Jamesy began to feel the physical load of his horrible sins. He avoided everyone, knowing they could see what a whited sepulchre he was. The foulness of his soul nauseated him. He could not eat. He grew thin, and his parents kept asking him what

was wrong. Each night he tossed on his bed, knowing he was going to hell, knowing he was lost beyond all hope of forgiveness.

Then came the last Procession of the school year, and the class went to confession after school. Jamesy stole out of church but he knew it was of no use. Only those whose souls were pure of sin could march in the Procession. When he didn't march with the school, everyone would know at last what he was. He must confess his sacrilege to Father Hartmann that night, before Procession, when the people of the parish came to confession.

That evening, Jamesy dressed for the Procession and then walked out of the tenement. It was dusk and the springtime sky seemed to pour a soft, violet light over the neighborhood. It was as though a violet river ran magically through the streets.

The first streetlights burst into yellow bloom and the tavern signs glowed softly as Jamesy hurried along Melrose Avenue. The neighborhood was at dinner and the streets were deserted. Far over the rooftops came the faint roar of the Third Avenue El.

But Jamesy was alive only to his panic as he entered the vestibule of St. Lucy's church. He took some holy water from the fount and crossed himself humbly.

"Oh, Jesus, help me, give me courage!" he cried inwardly.

He walked down the dim aisle of the church, dreading Father Hartmann's rage when he listened to

Jamesy's confession. He was the only child amid all the adults waiting outside Father Hartmann's confessional.

As Jamesy knelt in the pew, he saw Sister Madeline and Sister Veronica leave the confessional of Father Lusk and move toward the side exit. Jamesy knew they would walk through the Sisters' yard to their house.

Suddenly he felt that if he could talk to Sister Madeline, she would help him overcome his fear of confessing his sacrilege. He feared meeting with her only less by comparison.

When Jamesy slipped out of the church he saw that the Sisters had separated. Sister Madeline was walking through the schoolyard, her figure dark amid the red bricks. She entered the school as he gained on her. The doorknob was still warm from her touch as he opened the door and stepped into the semi-darkness of the empty school.

III

Immediately he felt sealed off from the rest of the world within a vast, silent darkness. It pulsed with huge forces bent on preventing his progress. And the frightened Jamesy knew that Satan himself was all about, marshaling his dread power.

Jamesy fled up the creaking staircase. In the gloom of the empty hall he caught glimpses of classroom doors. They were dark mouths shouting in a horribly silent chorus:

"Sacrilege! Sacrilege!"

He stumbled at last to the second floor. Through the window he saw

the church looming against the silver sky. The great, stained windows were a glowing red.

Then he ran panting down the dark corridor to the fourth grade classroom. At first he thought it was empty, but as he strode past the little desks he saw Sister Madeline standing by the open window. His fear was such that now he was feverishly glad to see her. He welcomed her anger.

He scuffled his feet as he approached but still she did not turn from the window. She was absorbed in watching the sky. Jamesy nerved himself and then spoke.

"Sister! Sister Madeline!"

She whirled around with a little gasp. Her face was radiant.

"Oh, its you, Jamesy," she said. "Come look at this beautiful sky."

She pulled him to the window beside her. "And smell the air," she continued dreamily. "There must be honeysuckle in the priests' yard."

She inhaled slowly as Jamesy stole a look at her hand on the window sill, the white, holy hand he had profaned. He trembled and then forced the words out.

"Sister, I — I've come to ask, to beg your forgiveness."

"Forgiveness?" she said, turning curiously from the sky which flamed over the city. "Why, whatever for?"

Jamesy stared at her. "Why, you know. You remember. That time when I —" he choked over the dreadful word. "When I kissed your hand."

There, it was out! He felt a great

weight lift from him. Almost as though he had confessed his sacrilege to Father Hartmann. He could feel Satan withdrawing into the darkness of the school with fiendish howls.

"Oh that!" Sister Madeline said, with a delicious little laugh. "Why, I thought that was very sweet. It was a compliment."

Jamesy's eyes widened. "But — but I shouldn't have, that was a —"

Sister Madeline patted his shoulder.

"Oh, the children are always writing me notes, doing things which mean the same thing."

The simplicity of her explanation stunned him. This was what he had tormented himself for all these weeks. Something which Sister Madeline scarcely remembered and could now dismiss with a light smile. Perhaps, being so holy, she didn't know about such things as sacrileges.

He felt her eyes searching his perplexity. "Why, what's the matter with you Jamesy," she asked. "You don't look at all well. And you've been absent from school lately, haven't you?"

"I've thought all this while I committed a great sacrilege," Jamesy said. "I couldn't confess it and I've been living in sin. I — I've been scared."

Sister Madeline held his chin in her hand. "Why, you poor child," she said. "You don't mean to tell me —"

Jamesy nodded and before he could help himself, great sobs of relief burst from him. Sister Madeline drew his

dark head close to the folds of her habit. And then he heard her voice, vibrant with anger.

"Sin! What does a child like you know about sin? Where did you get such ideas?"

Her voice rang out loudly in the classroom and Jamesy was so amazed at its strength that he scarcely heeded her words. Then she continued in her usual, submissive tone.

"Come now, Jamesy, let's have no more talk about sin on such a lovely evening. Look, instead, at the beauty which God has created."

She rumbled his hair playfully and turned him to the window. Because the great weight was off him, Jamesy saw about him as though for the first time in weeks.

The evening star gleamed above the church steeple. He heard the Melrose Avenue trolley singing its silver song through the dusk-quiet neighborhood. He smelled a lake of warm air, full of the grassy meadows of Franz Siegal Park, from where it had floated, a mile over the solid rows of tenements and apartment houses.

Then he was standing before Sister Madeline's desk as she put a new rosary into his hands. "Jamesy," she said, "you must learn that even your teachers can tell you wrong things. Oh, not on purpose," she added hastily.

"What I mean is that too many people in the Church have added their own ideas to the teaching of Jesus. If you are ever in doubt about sin, read the words of Our Lord.

He and only He is the true Teacher."

"Yes, sister," Jamesy said. But he was thinking that no one else in school had ever had such a present from Sister Madeline.

"In the Procession tonight, we will pray for each other," Sister Madeline said in a tone of dismissal.

"O.K. I mean, yes, sister," Jamesy said. "I think you're swell, sister."

She smiled at him and again her black habit and white cowl faded and he was looking at a lovely young girl. Jamesy walked happily out of the classroom. There seemed to be more light in the corridors and he caught the sound of early-arriving children entering their classrooms.

But he was too happy to contain himself within his own classroom so he walked out the side exit into the schoolyard. At the same moment, Father Hartmann emerged from the church. The mere sight of his dark-robed, sombre figure extinguished Jamesy's freedom. He knew instinctively that Sister Madeline had been wrong about his sacrilege.

She was only a young girl about such things, after all. Father Hartmann was a priest. Watching him walk slowly from the church, Jamesy saw the broad shoulders beneath the cassock bowed with the weight of an hour in the confessional. He saw the haggard, weary face, heavy with the lines of sadness. The knowledge of sin and sinners had left its time-worn mark on the priest.

Jamesy knew with a sinking heart that he must confess his sacrilege to

Father Hartmann after all. He started hesitantly toward him across the red bricks of the schoolyard. He knew Father Hartmann was looking forward to his rest. He would be in no mood to hear even a trivial confession, and when Jamesy confessed his sacrilege —

Jamesy shuddered as he thought of the priest's wrath. He could already hear his angry voice raised in the schoolyard, the children staring out of their classroom windows. He forced himself to intercept the priest's movement toward the priests' yard.

Then he saw Father Hartmann stop as he gazed up into the evening sky. The priest's hand fumbled inside his cassock and came out with a cigar. He lit it and continued to gaze upward.

Jamesy steeled himself for the ordeal. "Good evening father," he began hesitantly.

Father Hartmann withdrew his gaze from the sky and Jamesy saw that his craggy features had somehow softened.

"Ah, good evening, my boy," the priest said. "Isn't that a fine sky? Such a wonderful, rare evening. And I do believe I can even smell honey-suckle. It must come from out by the sisters' yard."

Jamesy gathered his breath. — "Father, I —"

"And there's the evening star," Father Hartmann said, waving his cigar toward the church steeple. "You know, once I used to play the *Evening Star* on my cello."

Jamesy nervously watched the rich, blue fragrance of cigar smoke ascend like incense. He was about to open his mouth when the priest again looked up at the sky.

"Yes, from that sky, God is pouring down all His peace and beauty. It is a sheer benediction. I sometimes think this is His own way of forgiving all sinners on earth."

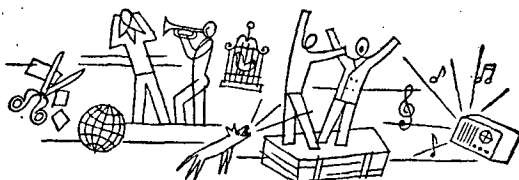
Father Hartmann suddenly laughed and patted Jamesy's shoulder. "But you don't know what sin is, my boy. I can tell by your face how pure your soul is."

Then the priest strolled away, his shaggy head upturned toward the sky. Jamesy felt like shouting his joy. Father Hartmann himself had said he was not a sinner! He turned and raced toward the school building, glad that Sister Madeline had been right.

He saw the lights of his classroom and he could hardly wait to be among the fellows again.



THE SOAP BOX



EDITORIAL NOTES

Memo to all men and women professionally or otherwise interested in the arts and sciences: we are looking for brief (1500-2000 words) articles, reporting and interpreting the latest advances and thinking in chemistry, anthropology, painting, geology, Egyptology, meteorology, history, astronomy and all other branches of human knowledge and interest. As usual, we shall pay cash on the nail for acceptable manuscripts. And as usual, we promise quick reports, within a week or ten days at the most.

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*Many correspondents have chided us, gently and otherwise, for returning so often in our pages to the subject of the menace of totalitarianism, especially of the Red variety. We believe, however, that basically our editorial judgment is a sound one. After all, what is there more important in the world than the threat of totalitarianism? Who is menacing world democracy? Who is strangling the independence of the little nations in Eastern*

*Europe? Who is all set to strangle the glorious tradition of France . . . and England . . . and the countries of Latin America? Who has made a mockery of the United Nations? And who is raising heaven and earth to destroy the American way of life? The answer to all these questions appears on the front pages of all the free newspapers that remain in the world. We think that it is the function of an independent, critical periodical to deal with a phenomenon that so clearly is a menace to every decency of modern civilization.*

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People occasionally complain about the low grade of writing these days, in books, in magazines, in newspapers. Alas, the complaint is a just one, at least as far as magazines are concerned, a subject regarding which we can speak with some authority. There has been some decline in the general quality of the prose that reaches our editorial desk. We do not ask for fine style in everything, but we do ask for clarity and simplicity. Unfortunately we do not always get scripts that are publishable as is. Most of

our authors are able craftsmen, but once in a great while we do have to do a little work on a manuscript. We do not like to do this, but our duty to our readers demands it. To repeat, there are many exceptions to what we have just said, and a reader of this or any other magazine can spot them at once. All of which leads us to this call upon all and sundry who practise the literary art in any form: if you have anything whatsoever, light, serious, or medium, of whose composition you are particularly proud, let us see it by all means.



The other day there were laughter and snickering in the editorial offices, and we would like our readers to be in on it. In a recent issue of that strange periodical *In Fact*, which bears the bizarre subtitle, "An antidote for falsehood in the daily press," there appeared a generous quotation from an article by Alexander L. Crosby on the real estate lobby which originally appeared in the March 1947 issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. Mr. Seldes, the editor of *In Fact*, did not mention the source of the article. As one who says he is finicky about journalistic ethics, he should have informed his readers where he got his quotation; decent writers mention the sources of their quotations. But perhaps we are being too harsh with Mr. Seldes. Had he mentioned his source, to wit, THE AMERICAN MERCURY, he would have virtually denounced himself, for he has been telling his readers that the MERCURY is a red-baiting periodical which was not

to be trusted in its articles on Russia and on social matters in general. But — horrible thought — perhaps Mr. Seldes has changed his mind about the MERCURY. If that is the case, we are really troubled. For in all truth, we look upon praise from him as something to be shunned.

THE PROLETARIAT

I suppose God loves the common people, as Abraham Lincoln and many others have said, but occasionally I have very grave doubts. The common people take naturally to Ku Kluxism in every one of its forms — anti-Semitism, anti-Catholicism, anti-Negroism. They also seem to fall naturally for dictators. After all, it's the common people who gave solid support to Hitler, Mussolini, Tojo, and it is a great many of the common people who are now giving solid support to Stalin. It is the common people also who read the *Chicago Tribune* and the *New York Daily News* and who flock to the cheap Broadway shows and the cheaper movies, and who listen to radio's "soap operas."

WILLIAM MARSTON, JR.

Portland, Me.

A WOMAN PROTESTS

I have read two or three books lately, and several magazine articles, denouncing women for their cupidity, intellectual hollowness, spiritual shabbiness, and total lack of general female and wifely qualities. We women have

said nothing at all in rebuttal. I am not a writer, but I would like to say something in rebuttal. Do you want to know a secret? We women are not any too pleased with many of you men. Education may have done us little good, but it did teach us some things about character and principles and how to spot the lack of them in our boy friends and husbands, fathers and brothers and sons.

Especially are we disappointed in our husbands. Many of them, God bless them, are just plain frauds. The husband of a friend of mine is an important executive in a well known chain store. He addresses meetings on the trend of business, Government in business and the other way around, and so forth. But his wife knows that he is an ignorant and stupid fellow and that his speeches are written by an impoverished \$75-a-week Ph.D. assistant. Then there is an eminent New York book publisher who has a very high reputation in the trade, but his wife, a darling, quiet little woman, knows in her heart that her husband is allergic to reading, that in fact he has never read all the way through a single one of his books, and that most of the books of his which achieve critical acclaim and popularity are selected by literary friends of his—very often to his own consternation and befuddlement. Can she look upon him as her lord and master and thrill to his every whisper? Finally, I know a woman whose husband is quite an intellectual as a radio commentator, and I believe

that his publicity releases say that justices of the United States Supreme Court and the President's Cabinet listen to his stuff. But his wife knows, and I know, and many others in our own crowd know that most of what he says is drivel and that even so it is written by three young college graduates each of whom gets \$50 a week and all of whom are ashamed of what they do. What intelligent woman can love such a man, or like him, or respect him, or find very much pleasure in having him around the house?

M.

New York City

SMILING, CHEERFUL

The other day, through a grave mistake on his part, I spent some time in the office of a publishing tycoon. He is such a dope I wouldn't have him in the house. But that's a different matter from what I want to say. The tycoon had a huge sign in his office, reading: IT'S A SIN NOT TO GRIN. I looked and looked at it, and I began to wonder. We are a people who are constantly admonished to keep on smiling, being cheerful, optimistic, and so on. Why, then, aren't some of our towns named Cheerful, Smiling, Optimism, Happiness, Gladness, etc. It would be quite an experience to write a letter to, say, Gladness, Mississippi, or Happiness, Georgia.

ALFRED PRITCHETT

Pearl River, N. Y.

HEREDITY

I have a son who has very mean and cheap characteristics, which he inherited from his mother. Have I any legal redress against his mother? I wish some gentleman learned in the law would advise me. I do not care to hear from a lady lawyer.

B.D.

Hollywood, Cal.

SUICIDE

Of all the preposterous laws on the books the silliest is the universal proscription against suicide. In most of the American states suicide is listed as a felony and attempted suicide as a misdemeanor. The law is absurd because (1) it is totally unenforceable: anyone who seriously wants to kill himself cannot be prevented; and (2) it cannot be punished when successful: suicide is the one crime which can be penalized only in cases where the "culprit" has failed.

There are no statistics available on the extent to which these laws are approved by the American people, but we do have figures on the related subject of euthanasia. Last June the Gallup Poll asked Americans if they believed a man had the right to demand his own death in cases where he was suffering from "a disease that cannot be cured." The results are discouraging. A majority (54 per cent) believed he was not entitled to this right. If Americans believe that hopeless incurables are not entitled

to voluntary death, presumably they share the same conviction with regard to those who are merely neurotic or unhappy.

The Declaration of Independence promised us "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." If we are entitled to pursue happiness, then why shouldn't we have the right to flee from unhappiness?

LOUIS R. TROTTER

St. Louis, Mo.

CONTROLLED CAPITALISM

There has long been a silly notion afloat that there is a battle on between the left, who want to end capitalism, and the right, who want to preserve it — and that the large group in between will profit if capitalism is ended. Actually, nobody can end capitalism unless we go back to primitive society. The battle is not to end capitalism; it is to control it! And the question we must ask is — is society better off when a small group of men control all the capital assets of a nation, or when those assets are divided among millions of people? People are fooled by a new name. They forget that no matter what the society is called, at the base are men who control it, and that safety comes to the millions only when power is dispersed.

If a small group is permitted to control all the capital assets of a country, the church of a country, and the political machinery, then the mass

of the people eventually ends up in slavery — which is just another way of saying that nobody can be trusted with too much power.

M. O. D.

Manhasset, L. I., N. Y.

WORLD PEACE: THE SEX ANGLE

With the threat of another great war on the horizon, we are again being tormented by an old saw that seems to have an irresistible appeal for the women.

The world, it is insisted by the female militants, would never be at war if women were running it. Women hate bloodshed.

The trouble with the argument is that history shows the female rulers to have been, if anything, somewhat more bloodthirsty than the male. What about Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, who — far from being a pacifist — was one of the greatest generals of classical times? Zenobia was apparently so concerned with her foreign policy that, as Gibbon put it, “she never admitted her husband’s embraces but for the sake of posterity. If her hopes were baffled, in the ensuing *month* she reiterated the experiment.” What about Queen Irene of Byzantium, who murdered her own son to get the throne for herself? What about Queen Elizabeth, the “father” of British imperialism? What about Catherine the Great, the worst imperialist of the eighteenth century? What about Queen Victoria,

who looked on placidly while the English swam in blood to build up her empire? And in our own time, what about Miss Tsola Dragoicheva, the Communist chief of Bulgaria, who is universally conceded to be the most fanatical warmonger of all the Stalinist agents in the Balkans? (Her only close competitor is Miss Ana Pauker, the Communist Amazon who runs Rumania.)

Far from being permitted to run the world, women should be restricted to their natural functions.

LLOYD GINSBURG

Brookline, Mass.

MINORITIES IN A DEMOCRACY

I think people tend to lose sight of one important aspect of democracy, namely, the protection it provides for minorities. The Founding Fathers knew tyranny at first hand, and were determined to safeguard the individual against all forms of tyranny. Our government is one of the few which comes close to fulfilling the ideal set down by John Stuart Mill in his essay *On Liberty*: “If all mankind minus one, were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind.” These words are still well worth remembering.

T. J. E.

Austin, Tex.

BIG BUSINESS AND THE ARTS

BY BENJAMIN M. STEIGMAN

IN THE 1920s music and art in the United States were supported chiefly by wealthy industrialists, businessmen and financiers and their descendants, who thus held the place once occupied in Europe by the aristocracy of church and state. The major symphony orchestras rarely realized more than 50 per cent of their expenses by ticket sales. Our millionaires spent in a single year — the one before the crash — a quarter of a billion dollars on imported works of art.

Depression and taxes have bitten into the bounties formerly bestowed on the fine arts. Private art collections have been bequeathed to public museums. Even the comparatively rich Metropolitan Opera and Philharmonic Symphony in New York City were faced with deficits after 1929, and had to ask the public to chip in \$300,000 and \$500,000 respectively.

In the 1930s government became the single great patron. The WPA sponsorship of 5300 artists resulted in the distribution of over 50,000 paintings, 1400 murals and 3700 pieces of sculpture to public institutions. WPA also set up hundreds of Community Art Centers at which

eight million people got some introductory lessons in the arts from unemployed artists. The Federal Music Project, employing 15,000, performed 6327 native American compositions, produced 60 grand and chamber operas, and ran a Composers' Forum-Laboratory which gave composers an opportunity to gauge audience reaction to their new music.

Now big business has taken over as sponsor of art exhibitions and concerts. In recent years we have been invited to see the art collections of Capehart Phonographs, La Tausca Pearls, Upjohn Pharmaceuticals, United Brewers, American Export Lines, De Beers Diamonds, Abbot Laboratories and others. Paintings have been reproduced in millions of copies on calendars distributed by big corporations and in advertisements in the pages of *Life*, *Fortune*, *Vogue*, and other magazines. They range in quality from the artistically superior exhibits sponsored by International Business Machines, Encyclopedia Britannica and The Container Corporation to the "original paintings" advertisements of Lucky Strike and Imperial Whiskey.

BENJAMIN M. STEIGMAN is principal of the High School of Music and Art in New York City. He contributed "What Ails Our High Schools?" to the May 1946 *MERCURY*.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Good and/or bad, the impact of industry upon our art and artists has become prodigious. Millions of dollars have been spent in art patronage. The ivory tower has been razed to the street level: there were 5034 paintings submitted to the Pepsi-Cola \$25,750 contest, and the exhibition of the finalists at the National Academy was visited on opening day by some five thousand people who waited outside in a double line a block long to see "the winners."

Awakened public curiosity raised attendance at our museums to an all-time high last year. Business houses have drawn upon at least one of them for art to serve — literally — as commercial window dressing. Fifth Avenue shop windows in New York City last spring displayed masterpieces lent them by the Metropolitan Museum of Art as part of its seventy-fifth anniversary celebration; Florentine paintings and twelfth-century wood carvings imparted "museum piece" atmosphere to Easter coats and bonnets.

The sponsorship of broadcast music by our great corporations — Texaco, General Motors, Henry Ford, Reichhold Chemicals, Allis-Chalmers, *et al* — has (according to their publicity) brought operas and symphonies within the reach of every American. The cost of their programs (the NBC Sunday Symphony hour alone last year cost General Motors \$1,250,000) makes a Prince Esterhazy or a King Ludwig II seem tight-fisted in comparison. But the telltale huckster's voice does not let us forget that lis-

teners — and spectators — are such stuff as customers are made of. The future of concerts and exhibitions under big business sponsorship hangs on the precarious balance of a bookkeeper's accounts. Art, like any other sales agent, must bring results, or else. (Neither the NBC nor the Boston Symphony has a sponsor for its broadcasts this year.) And then we wonder who will be the music and art patrons of the 1950s and 1960s, or if by then the arts in the United States will have become self-supporting.

II

The point is that the present "good will" bounty of big business is not effective in creating that widespread understanding and appreciation which the arts need if they are to be self-supporting. The shrewdly flattering advertiser assumes that we know all about the "masterpiece" he presents, and he then proceeds to his business of creating a permanent need, not for paintings or symphonies, but for soap, oil, beer. The reproduced painting that covers most of the page is referred to as "a heritage to remember" whose "agreeable counterpart [is] found today in The Heritage Whisky." "You have just heard a Mendelssohn masterpiece of music — and a single cup of Old Dutch Coffee will bring you a masterpiece of flavor." The fashion of the present decade is to "use Picasso to sell underwear."

Like all languages, the "universal language" of music or art can be

learned either as a mother tongue or in later years as a foreign language. Few of us advanced far in the arts in childhood; and we ought to know by now how much can be learned from the glossy exhibition catalogues and the suave intermission talks that big business has to offer. "To multitudes," says John Dewey, "art continues to seem an importation into experience from a foreign country and the esthetic to be a synonym for something artificial."

The commerce in broadcasts and recordings has brought, by way of supply to a hungry demand, a growing output of manuals on "how to listen to music." They are for adults who hope to make up for their misdirected education by discovering the "meaning" of music through the medium of words. They soon find, if their authority is honest, that there can be no such approach to the language of music as there can be to Latin or French, that an understanding of music can be acquired only through years of direct musical experience. They may be reassured by some charlatan "guide" that their ignorance of music is actually an asset, that "technical knowledge" is unnecessary and may even interfere with their enjoyment, that they listen better with their hearts than with their heads . . . They need merely expose themselves to great music and then by some mystical osmosis shall they achieve understanding.

Their "guide" may tell them in a few chapters about scales, keys,

rhythms, tempi, about triads and dissonance, about ABA song structure and sonata form, about the shapes and sounds of the instruments of an orchestra. There, now, they have something of the alphabet, and so — they are equipped for musical literature and may open their ears to Sibelius and Brahms. Or the "guide" may sense the inadequacy of this sort of approach and dish up lyrical, impressionistic prose to "explain the meaning." Or he may decide to write a "popular introduction" and chat about Beethoven's deafness, Schubert's poverty and Tchaikowsky's devoted patroness.

III

The "guide" to art may have an easier job than the "guide" to music, for he can at least offer reproductions of the works he is undertaking to "explain." But he, too, must know how meager is the sum of his definitions of balance, rhythm, spatial relations and dynamic symmetry. ("Oh, writer," said Leonardo da Vinci, "what words of yours can describe the entire configuration of a perfected work of art?") He is more likely to offer his charges the "biographical approach" to Rembrandt's lonely life and Van Gogh's tragic ending.

No; it is the responsibility of our schools to provide an understanding of the arts. This truth underscores the deplorable inadequacy of the attention given in most of our schools to the fine arts.

Even before the present critical

shortage of teachers necessitated the issuance of 125,000 emergency certificates to teachers who couldn't meet the required standards, the general level of professional preparation in music and art was appallingly inadequate. The vast majority of elementary school teachers study little or no music or art before they begin their pedagogic training; only one out of six receives high school instruction in these subjects. In all but exceptional elementary schools it is the general classroom teacher who is responsible for whatever music and art is taught.

Only about half the colleges that prepare students for elementary teaching require any study of music and art, and the time these devote to art and music is only a fraction of that given to advanced mathematics, which all colleges traditionally (and pointlessly) prescribe for elementary education majors. The official requirements for certification of teachers to *specialize* in music or art in some of our states (Missouri, New Mexico, South Dakota and others) call for as little as two semester hours of these subjects.

More than half of our high schools have a registration of fewer than two hundred students. In these, music and art (if taught at all) are assigned to teachers of general subjects who happen to know how to draw a bit or play a tune on the piano. Even in our largest high schools music and art are regarded as "special" subjects to be offered only to a small number of selected students. For the majority

they are considered "minor" subjects and ignored after perhaps a few weekly "appreciation" lessons in the first year.

Registrations in music and art show a sharp drop as students advance out of the primary classes. In the upper grades of American elementary school in 1938, about 30 per cent of the pupils studied some sort of art and 65 per cent some sort of music. In our high schools that year 5.5 per cent studied art and 26 per cent music, mostly in the first year. The war years, with their exodus of teachers and their emphasis on "pre-induction" courses, can hardly have raised these figures, which are the most recently available. Even before World War II the arts registration was declining: twenty-five years ago 23 per cent of our high school students had some art, 32 per cent had some music.

IV

To be sure, there are many schools in which music and art are properly emphasized and ably taught — individual schools in Cleveland, Denver, Worcester, Wichita, Richmond (Ind.) Oaklane (Pa.), Los Angeles, Berkeley, New York City. — Several scores of such schools might be named, but the total is a small fraction of one per cent of our 30,000 high schools. How exceptional they are is revealed in a report by the National Society for the Study of Education: "In one state (for example) only 5 of 375 consolidated high schools offered art at all, and these to very limited numbers. In the

same state only 2 of 449 cities of the third class included art in the program of studies."

The result is that music is foreign to most adults. In kindergarten and the first grades they participated in singing classes almost every day. But as they moved up through elementary school their music periods grew fewer, and the half-hearted attempt to have them learn notation was gradually given up. They were admitted to high school — and graduated — unable to read or write the most elementary music, ignorant of its simplest grammar and composition. Occasionally there was singing in their assemblies, usually in unison, usually on the level of "Over the Bounding Main" and "Music Sounds Afar Tralalala." The high-school enthusiasm for band and glee club pertained less to the musical than to the athletic and social prestige of the school, and only too often the performances at school "festivals" were concerned mostly with speed and power for fingers and lungs.

Study of art, too, began auspiciously in the first grade, where the pupils used crayon and paint brush as intently as writing pad and reader. Of the few who got any regular teaching thereafter some were discouraged by the crude, old-style mechanical prescriptions, some by the genial, "modern" approach to "self-expression" that encouraged them to "go right ahead" though they had no idea of where to go or how to get there. Since they were never given contin-

ued instruction in drawing or design or composition, they took it for granted, by the time they entered high school, that art was intended for only the few who have "talent."

The general artistic illiteracy in the schools sets in bright contrast the many individual efforts submitted to the *Scholastic* high school art competitions and displayed throughout the country by the big department stores. This patronage by business (with prizes offered by a dozen corporations) brings crowds to see the thousands of art works — drawings, paintings, prints, carvings, musical compositions — that American boys and girls, with some training and encouragement, are capable of creating. Its greatest service should be the awakening of public resentment against dependence upon advertisers for such encouragement instead of upon enlightened professional teaching — which could be given not merely to those thousands but to the millions now in our high schools.

V

For the common neglect of music and art in our schools our colleges are largely responsible. The professors on their boards of admission determine by their requirements the important subjects to be taught in high school. They allow credit for the study of music and art, if at all, only as "electives" worth a doubtful unit or two of the required fifteen or sixteen. Though only one fifth of our high school students actually enter college,

teachers, pupils and parents are always mindful of that possible goal, and until the colleges decree otherwise, music and art will continue to be "minor" subjects.

Because of their own traditional schooling the college authorities know the arts only from the outside, to be appraised, like all other subjects, wholly in the language of words. They are at home, not in the performance or creation of art, but in "approaches" to art, in "esthetics," in "the philosophy of art" — which Santayana, who understands art, dismisses as "sheer verbiage." There is, of course, no substitute for direct experience in the arts. John Dewey's dictum, "I know, because I have experienced," may be applied negatively to the professors of education: most of them don't know the arts because they don't compose or sing or play or draw or paint.

John Erskine, musician as well as Columbia professor, knows professors as well as music: "Even where our universities here and there cultivate the arts, what they actually do is colored by an unconscious and traditional hostility towards the arts." Hostility is especially evident in their appraisal of "applied music," *i.e.*, the actual performance of music, which is rejected by some of them as largely manual skill, by others as merely emotional expression. A questionnaire sent to 150 colleges by the Eastern Music Educators Conference revealed that only 12 per cent of them offer as many as three electives in music,

and 70 per cent of them give no credit at all for "applied music."

The celebrated Report of the Harvard Committee, the most widely discussed book on education last year, states frankly: "It may be doubted whether formal courses in the arts should be required in the secondary schools." The Committee does approve of having a student learn to sing or play an instrument — as an individual enterprise. Painting definitely hasn't much chance: it's all right, the Committee feels, "for Winston Churchill when out of power to spend his time at his easel"; but for the rest of us, "too few could expect to acquire enough skill in school to be able to go on painting with pleasure to ourselves, much less to others."

The Harvard Committee remains true to its caste in regarding music and art as inferior to verbal expression: "The progress of the mind as it unfolds in time is from nonverbal thinking to conceptual thinking. . . . The arts give a meaning to our heritage for those who might never gain an understanding of it through abstract [verbal] concepts." The converse might be truer: abstract concepts in words try to give a meaning to our heritage for those who can't get an understanding of it directly from works of art.

Most of the big colleges that set the standard — Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Barnard, Vassar, New York University, Skidmore, Bryn Mawr, Smith — demand that of the fifteen units for admission one third to one half be

in mathematics and foreign languages, which will be of lasting interest or service to so few. Their acceptance of one or two units in music or art as "electives" is a token sop to "culture," for all of the remaining units are needed for those other essentials of a general high school education: for four years of neglected English, of neglected sciences, of neglected social studies. Were the colleges to recognize that algebra, geometry, Latin and French are really the "special" subjects, possibly "electives," the high schools would have time enough to include the even more neglected subjects of the arts.

VI

It may be that the greatest obstacle to recognition by our schoolmen of music and art is the fact that they are "emotional" subjects and therefore, to the academic mind, too baffling and upsetting to be included in a sober, orderly course of study. A cautious admission comes from President Conant of Harvard: "We professors may at times overemphasize the significance of the rational argument and the knowledge transmitted through books."

Big business understands the pre-eminence of the emotions, and holds with the psychologist who said that "our intellect is a mere speck afloat on a sea of feeling." That may explain why the modern advertiser is so vastly more successful than the classroom teacher.

The great power that big business

has enlisted through its sponsorship of music and art does not necessarily derive from understanding of painting or symphonies. (If it did, sales managers would be mightily disappointed.) Advertising has invested the arts with glamor by emphasizing the "mystery and romance of inspiration." The use of art and music in advertising brings to the advertiser's product a reflected glory of "mystery and romance."

It is this spurious interest in the arts by the big advertisers that relegates the good music programs on the air to the least convenient times of the day and week. "Good will" patronage is thereby retained without interfering with the real business of reaching the largest audiences at the best hours with programs cynically designed to have the crudest and most popular emotional appeal.

The challenge is obvious: let the public make it clear that it wants something better.

If our schools did their part we might in a few decades secure enough public understanding to meet that challenge. There would then be no need for music and art ever again to have to depend upon a great mogul's checkbook, or upon Federal munificence, or upon the present patronage of big business. We don't want restored to us the largesses of the 1920s; and behind the proposals (derived from the 1930s) for government subsidies and a Bureau or Ministry of Fine Arts lurks the possibility of political control.

If our schools had the chance to do their part they might find a place for the education of the emotions beside the education of the intellect. Then music and art might emerge from their finishing-school status, from their pedagogic "activity" status as muscular skills. The colleges might come to discover in them enough technical difficulties to demand from students a reassuring amount of

preparatory "discipline" and "mental training." They might discover, too, that some of the profoundest and most moving experiences of mankind have been expressed in these languages, which are beyond the language of words.

Then, perhaps, it will no longer be necessary for music and art to reach us through the calculated courtesy of big business.

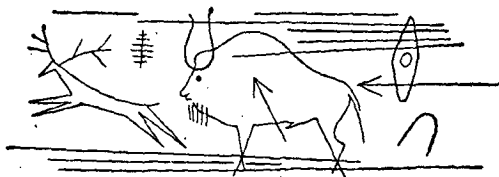
SHORT STORY

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

He courted her
For five years,
And for ten more
He twisted her soul
Three times a week
With his hesitations
And routine demands
For coffee, cake
And sedate love-making.
When the frost
Began to creep
Around her heart and eyes,
The neighbors sighed and
Decided on complete reticence.
After five more years
Of this prolonged decorum
He suddenly married her
On a weekday.
He doesn't know why
And she's too tired
To care.

DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



THE UNICORN

SOME years ago there appeared in American literary circles a handsomely produced and exhaustive monograph dealing with the life and works of the Russian novelist and philosopher, Feodor Larrovitch. Larrovitch, as the introduction to the monograph explained, had not previously been sufficiently known and appreciated in this country; and it was the business of this brochure to set forth his biography and examine critically his powerful and somber works.

The little book about Larrovitch had numerous plates, including a photograph of his neglected and weed-grown grave. There were careful considerations of Larrovitch The Boy, Larrovitch The Thinker, Larrovitch The Prophet Of The Steppes. Few writers, even the greatest, are paid such tribute as was accorded Larrovitch in this memorial volume which he had not lived (alas) to see. Perusal of the monograph sent many an American in haste to the nearest book-

store, heavy-hearted with shame, to acquaint himself belatedly with the works of the neglected thinker from beyond the Urals.

Few people nowadays go to bookstores to order the works of Larrovitch. But they do go to dealers in rare editions to buy copies of the monograph about him. The monograph has taken on a collector's value of its own. For it has the distinction of being devoted, with careful detail and much critical thoughtfulness, to a man who never existed.

The Larrovitch monograph, if memory is accurate, was the handiwork of a festive member or members of The Authors' Club. At any rate, the circumstances were something of the sort. The beetle-browed Russian, so lovingly and laboriously described, was altogether an invention. He was of that magnificent company of myths which has included Captain Walter Traprock's *Cruise of the Kawa*, Edgar Allan Poe's account of the balloon ascension, and H. L. Mencken's still-undying history — apparently never to be extirpated from the

reference books — of the invention of the bathtub.

Myths, as has been often pointed out, can be a great deal harder than truths. The truth, frequently, may be unpleasant to hear; it may wound the ego, or upset the prejudices, or it may just be very dull. But the essence of a myth, of course, is that it rests firmly on some human longing. It fulfills a felt need. It satisfies a wish. It embodies a dream. With such a genesis and nature, a really good myth is strong against a legion of pale and unpalatable facts. The great living myths, further, have this advantage over fact: that they can keep growing and taking on new fullness and richness, picking up a detail here, making a new and ingenious adaptation there, so that at each moment in history they meet the special taste of the age.

Some of the greatest and most enduring myths have been in the category of natural history. Men have been inventing and cherishing fabulosity of nature since the world began, and many a mythical animal has been more "real" than the real ones. There come readily to mind the basilisk, the gryphon, the roc, the phoenix, the centaur and all manner of dragons. But the greatest and hardest of all, unquestionably, has been the unicorn.

Upon the royal arms of England a unicorn continues to be depicted with as much realism as the lion. Unicorns throng advertisements and trademarks as abundantly as do stags and dogs and the manufacturer's signature. If the results of a recent small

poll by a scientific organization accurately indicative, there continue to prevail today a firm belief that unicorns, though doubtless rare and hard to find, are at least as real as such equally improbable animals as the hippopotamus and the yak.

The history of the myth of the unicorn is long and wonderful.

II

The exact origin of no great myth can be certainly established; but it is the general belief among historians of the unicorn — who have produced a literature upon this non-existent animal which far exceeds the literature about the non-existent Larrovitch — that the unicorn came into being as the result of the mingling of three finely myth-potent factors.

The first was the fact of the rhinoceros. Ancient travelers, having encountered this strange animal, brought home the report of a beast with a single horn. As second factor, other ancient travelers undoubtedly sometimes found the extremely long and impressive horn-like tusk of a deceased narwhal, which is a kind of whale. A narwhal's great straight single horn may attain seven or eight feet in length. It does not *look* as though it should be part of a whale; to any ancient who had ever heard rumors of the rhinoceros, it would have been natural to suppose that this was the veritable single horn of that great ox-like beast. And finally there was a third factor which made the birth of the unicorn almost inevitable. This factor was the antique

culptures (as at Persepolis) which depicted cattle in profile and which therefore, with the simplicity of early art, showed only one horn. Obviously unicorns.

And so the unicorn was born; and promptly was caught up in literature and art and science and religion. It was a beast too gloriously romantic ever to be abandoned; too full of the rich potentiality of myth and marvel and moral lesson.

By the fifth century B.C., Ctesias of Cnidus had stated with learned authority that the haunts of the unicorn were in India. Aristotle, Pliny and Aelian had no hesitancy later in concurring. The wonderful "one-horned horse," presently ticketed with the convincing scientific name *Monoceros*, was established in the Indian fauna. It remained there until India had become a little too well known. Then, by one of those gliding adaptations which make great myths so gloriously indestructible, the unicorn's whereabouts were moved to Africa.

Unicorns were to be found now here, now there. Elusive though they continued, this was no impediment to a growing knowledge of their character and curious properties. Unicorns, it was coming to be understood, were extremely fierce and extremely strong. As the Christian scriptures went spreading forth over Europe, this popular understanding was certified into an indisputable article of faith. For the Hebrew word *R'em*, occurring in Deuteronomy and Job and desig-

nating probably the wild ox, was officially translated in the Vulgate as *unicornis*.

With the unicorn established in the Bible, the myth now had the incalculable support of sacred association. Medieval readers of old Claudius Aelianus' work *On the Nature of Animals* found themselves impressed as never before by his account of how the unicorn, though normally so ferocious, became at mating-time a marvel of gentleness. What more beautiful example of the sweet influence of a virgin? What finer exemplification of the soothing and chastening effect of love? And so, very naturally, the unicorn was caught up into allegory. Symbol of love, symbol of gentleness, symbol of purity . . . the unicorn (now represented always as a spotless white) was woven into tapestries, painted upon canvas, carved in woodwork. It had joined the lamb and the dove. But in its complex character of sternness and gentleness, it exceeded in symbolic usefulness even these. The Unicorn was the Virgin. The unicorn was Christ.

It is the nature of great myths, as has been said, to make easy changes, shifts of meaning and significance. By medieval days the unicorn had stood for many things: for the romantic marvellousness of unknown countries, for the expertness of growing science, for courage and strength and virginity and the purity of the indwelling divine. With the passing of the clear, naïve piety of the Middle Ages, it became less acceptable to believe in

unicorns as an earthly manifestation of the purity of God. But, after all, there are more kinds of purity than one. There is not only the purity of the spirit. There is physical purity. There is the "purity" that is simply cleanliness, wholesomeness, as when it is said that a drinking-water is "pure." The end of the Middle Ages did not mean an end to the unicorn. It meant only a little gradual shift in his character.

So pure and sweet an animal was a unicorn — so it now came to be believed — that the beast needed only to touch its wondrous horn to pollute water to render the water innocuous and potable. From this it was only a brief step to the next form of the myth: that a unicorn's horn is infallibly effective against poison.

For centuries the medical men solemnly wrote their prescriptions calling for the inclusion of powdered unicorn-horn, essence of unicorn-horn, distillate and elixir. Was a patient dying of some poisonous draught? Let a unicorn-horn be procured at once. Was the presence of poison suspected in the dish prepared for the King? Let a sample of the dish be placed in a unicorn-horn, and there would be disclosed at once (how, is not clear) the truth of the matter.

Age after age the unicorn has gone on prospering, growing ever more firmly fixed as a real creature and a most wonderful one. At the court of France, as lately as the year 1789, it was required that a unicorn-horn be employed to test the freedom from poison of the monarch's meals.

Now, today, the unicorn endures. The product of a misunderstood bone, a misinterpreted sculpture and a misconstrued report of a rhinoceros, the unicorn remains as real to us as any elk or kangaroo. That mighty-sinewed white horse, with the single great twisted horn in its forehead . . . surely, surely, a traveler in a far country may any day turn suddenly into some enchanted glen or jungle-clearing and find the beast champing and snorting there? Who can give up the unicorn, all purity and chivalry and power?

A unicorn props the throne of England. A unicorn sets the seal of integrity upon a beer. It is within possibility that some day all the real animals of our earth may have come to destruction. But it is probable that even then we shall still be blazoning on various devices the figure of the unicorn . . . an animal more real and imperishable than any other, because it can serve dreams.



BUTTERMILK TOM

BY STANLEY WALKER

MY MOTHER's father, Thomas Edward Stanley, was sometimes known as Buttermilk Tom, or Buttermilk Stanley, because as a young man he had operated a dairy and because to the end of his days he was excessively fond of buttermilk. He had neighbors in Texas, younger than he, who for fairly obvious reasons were called Watermelon Brown, Hell-Roaring Jones and Windmill Smith.

But my grandfather, the talented Buttermilk Tom, might just as aptly have been called Rawhide Tom. He was as tough and sinewy as rawhide, and he could do some wonderful things with that pioneer material. He tanned his hides in a stinking, gooey mess compounded of sumac bark and pecan shells. Some of the rawhide chairs he made eighty years ago are still in use. I remember him as a man who, it seemed, could do almost everything—not consummately well, perhaps, but passably enough for the circumstances.

Buttermilk Tom is buried in the little family graveyard which lies some three hundred yards northeast of his old ranch house, a little more

than a mile west of where School Creek flows (when it flows) into the Lampasas River, in Lampasas County, Texas. He died in 1921, a few weeks before his ninetieth birthday; one chilly morning, while trying to put on his pants and grab a piece of chewing tobacco at the same time, he fell and broke his hip, and lived only a few days.

Every year the quail breed in the tangled grass and the thorny shrubs by his grave. Until last summer, when she died, my mother used to keep an eye on this spot. She worried particularly about the nine-banded armadillos, which in recent years have come up from Mexico in alarming numbers; these odd little armored creatures like to root around graves, seeking worms and grubs and insects, but my mother suspected them of more impious designs, and kept a vigil to prevent any possible desecration of the grave of Buttermilk Tom.

Although all my grandfather's contemporaries in the settling of his part of Texas are long since dead, there are many old-timers who remember him as he was in his later years. They speak of him with reverence and

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sometimes amusement. My recollections of him are better, and certainly more intimate, than theirs. He was a friend of mine.

Alone among the pioneers I knew as a child, he could speak whole sentences of the Cherokee language, a gift he had acquired as a stripling back in Tennessee. He had been the friend and confidant of Sam Houston, the great liberator and great drunkard, when Sam was very old and needed friends. He had a voice which could carry four miles on a still morning. He owned a fine span of brindle oxen, Babe and Dolf; their yoke, which he made, is suspended today above the fireplace of my own ranch house, and its condition is perfect. I also have his walking stick, which he fashioned himself.

I was born in 1898, when he was 66 years old. A few years afterward my mother and father took over the home place, allowing Buttermilk Tom to pass his last years as a retired gentleman should — giving advice, poking about the place, talking gravely with his grandchildren, telling stories of other and perhaps nobler times, and sitting for long hours brooding, I suppose, about the years when Texas was in all truth a howling wilderness — as Stephen F. Austin, the Founding Father, once called it in a moment of despair.

II

Very early in our acquaintance he did me a favor of doubtful value: that is, he encouraged me in one of the lowest

of the arts, the making of what would call wisecracks today. We were sitting in the shade of a live oak tree watching the men at work around a power threshing machine in a field of oats. The monotonous sound of the engine (the first I had ever seen or heard) caused me to remark:

“Grandpa, it just keeps on keepin’ on.”

He looked at me sharply, then took me by the hand and led me to the house, where he repeated my remark as if it were one of the penetrating and significant aphorisms of all time. A heady wine, this sort of encouragement.

But life, with us, was generally pretty serious business. I think the most important thing he taught me was how to observe things. His eyesight had been very poor since, as a young man down in Travis County, he had caught some dreadful eye disease while attending church. He was very old when an operation restored his sight sufficiently for him to read newspapers. For years I served as his eyes, his leg-man, scout and observer. I read newspapers to him when I was four years old. I would roam the place and report back to him on many matters: the condition of the pecan trees down on the creek, the health and coloring of the new calves, what depredations if any the wolves had made among the sheep, how many turtles were visible that day in the big waterhole, how many pups had been born to our hound bitch, and so on and on. One

y, probably in an inordinately lazy mood, I told him I had nothing to report. This was a mistake.

"Nothing?" he asked kindly. Surely on this place there must be something going on. There always is. Keep your eyes open. You can find something interesting here every hour of the day."

He was right. I tried never to fail him again. What he had told me was probably the beginning of a journalistic career. Of course there was always something doing — and most of it, to anyone with eyes and imagination, was fascinating.

He used to have me read to him accounts of the early Indian fights in the settlements, stories about such men as Boone, Crockett and Jim Bowie of the dreadful knife. One day we came, somehow, to a mention of Abraham Lincoln, and he told me that Lincoln was kin to us.

"It was like this," he said. "Lincoln's mother was Nancy Hanks. Well, a sister of Nancy Hanks was one of my grandmothers. So you might say you have the same blood as Lincoln."

He explained also that the Hanks family was of no great importance, and that if we wanted to go into such matters we might recall also that we were descended from that distinguished English family of Stanleys which produced, among other notable persons, the Earls of Derby, and which came a long time ago from the Isle of Man.

"But all this," he explained,

"doesn't mean very much — not out here in Texas. We stand on our own bottoms. Some day you may have some womenfolks who will want to know all this."

Probably because he had worked exceedingly hard himself, Buttermilk Tom had a profound contempt for shiftless persons. He took it pretty hard when his oldest son, an up-and-coming young rancher named Jim, announced that he was going to marry the handsome Miss Samantha Tennison, daughter of old Levi Tennison, who lived on a scrubby and unprofitable little place up the creek.

"Levi Tennison," said my grandfather, "is the man who once sold his only milk cow, when he had a bunch of hungry little children, for money enough to buy a fiddle."

But then he relented a bit and went on: "But Samantha's a fine girl, and if we've got to have a fiddler, then her pappy is the best anywhere around."

He was thrifty, but he could be impulsively generous. When my mother was sixteen years old she pitched in and helped him harvest his hay crop, and he was so grateful that he bought her an organ for \$150 — about all the crop was worth — and hired a teacher.

It was characteristic of him that he never discussed his most severe ordeal. I have had to piece the story together from several sources. It had to do with the terrible dry year of 1857, when he was running his dairy and living near the Colorado River in what is now South Austin, in Travis County.

That spring he had planted a hundred acres of corn. No rain fell for months. Not more than a dozen ears of corn, about enough for one meal of roasting ears for the family, grew on the whole farm. The cattle were skinny, and their milk dried up.

Those must have been precarious times. His first son, Jim, was due to be born that December. In the early fall Buttermilk Tom planted turnips on the acres where the corn had withered. A few meager showers nourished a small crop, but turnips have little sustenance for milk cattle, and he was no better off. He was broke. Eight Negroes were dependent upon him. He gathered them about him, told them of their plight, which was obvious enough, and then announced that, until rain brought better times, they were going into the business of building stone houses. He was by no means expert at this type of work, but what he knew was adequate for those times, and he learned rapidly. Many of the stone walls put up by him during that trying period are still standing; they will be sound for many more generations.

III

When the argument over secession swept through Texas, Buttermilk Tom sided with Sam Houston, the Governor, in opposing the idea of leaving the Union. When Houston was overruled, and with heavy heart rode to his retirement in East Texas, my grandfather buckled down to doing the best he could with his dairy

during the war years. His brother went into the Confederate Army. Buttermilk Tom, notwithstanding his anti-secessionist leanings, no doubt would have gone in also if his poor eyesight had not made such a move out of the question.

Indeed, it is probable that his impaired vision kept him out of many border fracas, and perhaps saved his life. For decades he lived close to violent doings. One of his brothers, Jeff Stanley, was assassinated by a disreputable Austin citizen. A posse caught the assassin and hanged him. Another brother, Bill Stanley, who was Sheriff of Williamson County, just north of Travis, was waylaid and killed by two outlaws while he was feeding his cattle. This outrage, in 1887, inflamed Buttermilk Tom so that he wanted to take up the trail of the killers, and had eyesight been hanged, but he was dissuaded, and his son Jim, then thirty years old, took his rifle and a fast horse and went out instead. A month later, so they tell me, Jim came back with this report:

"We got them. One down near the border in South Texas. We shot him down like a dog. The other one we found up north in the Indian Territory. He was a brave man, and he came out fighting, but we got him."

So far as I know this episode of pioneer vengeance was never openly discussed. In later years, when my Uncle Jim, who had become a cattle baron in the Panhandle, was asked about it he would point to his old rifle in the corner and say:

"If that Winchester could talk, you'd know the whole story."

In the early 1870s Buttermilk Tom became dissatisfied with life in and around Austin. He went prospecting and picked out a pleasant little ranch site in the rolling hills and soft valleys of Lampasas County, some seventy miles to the northwest. In covered wagons, drawn by mules and oxen, he made the trip to the sulphur springs at the old cowtown of Lampasas and camped out until he could build his ranch house fourteen miles out of town. He had brought along his dairy herd, and made some money supplying milk and butter to other campers. Liquor was plentiful (there were twenty-six saloons in Lampasas) but milk was scarce, and for a season or so my grandfather knew a sort of prosperity. Then, in 1875, the family moved into the ranch house, which had been built of lumber hauled over the trail from Austin. He never left this place. Even with his bad eyes he could see it was beautiful. It still is.

Before leaving Austin my grandfather, after a chance encounter on the street, had hired a nineteen-year-old German immigrant boy, Louis Conradt. He brought this boy, who was built like an ox, to the Lampasas country, and together they worked on the house, built sheds, barns and corrals, and put up long stretches of stone fences. After a short time Conradt announced that he did not want to collect his wages.

"Save them for me," he told Buttermilk Tom. "It costs me nothing to

live here. You need the money. When you get better off, some day, you can pay me."

Seven years later Conradt fell in love with a girl named Charlotte, and he told my grandfather that he could use his accumulated wages now, as he wanted to set up housekeeping in a place of his own. Buttermilk Tom paid him, picked out a good ranch site for him, and saw him safely launched on his own. Conradt became one of the prominent and respected citizens of that area.

The amount of backbreaking work done by Buttermilk Tom seems incredible today, and much of it may have been unnecessary. It is a lazier country today, and most of the work, if done at all, is done by machinery. However, notwithstanding his driving, restless energy, my grandfather was always trying to figure out ways of saving labor. In his dairying days he had invented a remarkable churn with a treadmill belt arrangement; the power was furnished by a huge mongrel dog which, safely collared and harnessed, would start trying to climb the treadmill. This ingenious gadget worked admirably, and people came from miles around to see "Buttermilk Tom's dog churn." But the dog didn't like it, and always whined piteously when being harnessed for its tedious chore.

For his new place in Lampasas County, Buttermilk Tom bought the first grain binder to be seen in that section, a ponderous machine which was lubricated with the lard from hogs

killed on the place. He brought the first sewing machine to Lampasas County for my grandmother to use. He invented a corn-planter and a cotton-planter, but made no attempt to patent them. His was the first sulky plow in that section. Because he liked to grow things, he brought the first pear trees to the county, hauling them from a nursery in Austin. He strung up the first barbed wire fence, to keep his cattle from drifting, and one night fence-cutters came and tried to destroy it. Half-blind though he was, he and my mother were able to fight them off.

IV

Although he fully understood that life was an enterprise not to be taken lightly, my grandfather had a set of favorite anecdotes which he never tired of telling. One of these stories was about a high and mighty family with sleek horses and freshly-painted wagons which passed through the ranch one day, headed west. The head of this family said they were going to settle on Jim Ned Creek, out in Coleman County — but he was such a genteel fellow that instead of calling it the Jim Ned, as was the custom, he said “the James Edward.”

After three years, bad years, this same family came through, headed east now. They were thoroughly whipped. They had suffered droughts and sickness and grasshoppers and God knows what else.

“I asked the man where they had been,” my grandfather related, “and

this time he didn’t say, ‘James Edward.’ He just said, ‘We’ve been on that goddam Jim Ned.’” Whereupon he would laugh loudly, though he had told the story a thousand times.

Another of his stories was about one Johnny Dewar, an Irish youth new to the country, a raw gossoon to whom it was said that once he actually sawed off the limb of a tree while sitting on it. My grandfather gave this boy a pony of his own, and cautioned him to take good care of it. Some three weeks later, seeing that the pony was in very poor condition, my grandfather asked what the trouble seemed to be.

“I don’t know, Mr. Stanley,” said Johnny Dewar. “I feed him two nubbins of corn every night, and the poor creature gets weaker and weaker every day.”

Then there was the story of Pat Gallagher, the itinerant chimney builder, a harmless fellow if there ever was one. In the days of the Horrel-Higgins feud — a feud, by the way, which cost at least thirty lives from first to last, and which was much more bloody than the trivial misunderstandings of the Hatfields and McCoys — Pat Gallagher was crossing the Lampasas River one dark night. A group of feudists, hiding in the brush, stopped him. One man grabbed the bridle of Gallagher’s horse while another flashed a lantern in the man’s face. A man said, “Shucks, boys, we’ve stopped the wrong man.”

“Sure,” said Pat Gallagher, “and

a glad you did." My grandfather would roar at this one.

In early life my grandfather had been a Methodist, but when he married my grandmother, Miss Emily Perry, a Baptist, great pressure was brought upon him to conform to his wife's faith. He couldn't see things that way, however, and eventually surprised all his friends by becoming a Presbyterian. He went to church only rarely, though I distinctly remember hearing him sing hymns while putting up about the house or barn.

Buttermilk Tom liked to put draggarts in their place. One day, upon being told that a certain man was immune to fear — that he was "not afraid of anything that walked" — he said: "That may be. But you must remember that he has never been anywhere where there was anything to be afraid of."

Buttermilk Tom's Spartan ability to stand pain, as well as his stoicism toward the multifarious burdens of life itself, always seemed remarkable to me. When suffering from malaria he would take quinine, a bitter dose, without a chaser because he happened not to be near water. Once, while skinning a deer, his knife slipped and cut a long, deep gash in his thigh. He got needle and thread and sewed up the wound without an anesthetic. My mother, who saw him do this, said he never winced.

Only recently I heard another story of him, one that, I think, reflects the highest credit upon him. It was told by a very old woman who lives near

the old Stanley place in South Austin. This woman, named Beckett, said:

"When I was a very small girl my father came here from Ohio, driving a small flock of sheep. The cattlemen got hold of him and told him that under no circumstances was he to take his sheep west of the Colorado River, where the land, they said, was reserved forever for cattle. Buttermilk Tom Stanley heard of this. He went to my father, told him how to get his sheep across the river safely, offered him protection, and then said, 'You may live at my house until you get settled.' He was not afraid of the cattlemen's guns or of anything else. That is why his memory will live forever in our family. He was right, too, about the land west of the Colorado being excellent for sheep — better sheep country than cattle country, as it turned out."

Buttermilk Tom weighed only 165 pounds, and was five feet ten inches tall. He strongly resembled the idealized pictures of Uncle Sam, even to the whiskers. He was precisely the sort of man the frontier needed, though I imagine he would have been a good man in any time and place. He was only fairly well educated, but, like most of the pioneers, he had a vast respect for learning. He was polite to women, but his women folks could push him only so far. Once, when my grandmother was nagging him for some trivial breach of household decorum, I overheard him say quietly: "That will be enough. One more peep and I'll bat the living whey

out of you." Inelegant, perhaps, but it worked. He was always neat, though he chewed tobacco and smoked a pipe (he made his own pipes, by the way, out of briar roots or corncocks). His speech was larded with old English words and phrases, which was not uncommon among settlers from the Tennessee hill country. He habitually said "tote" and "fetch," and instead of "help" he would say "holp" (from the old English word "holpen"). His children sometimes tried to make him abandon this quaint way of talking, but it was no use.

His desires were modest. A short time before his death he got into the habit of spending an hour or so every day out in the family graveyard, and

my mother, watching him, wonder what was on his mind. One day came in and said:

"I have found a little place where I think it will be all right to bury me. I'll show you where. It's in the back of the graveyard, near the northeast corner. The graveyard is getting crowded. I won't be in the way there."

My mother, who adored him, told him that he was not to worry about such things, that when he died he would be buried up front, in the most prominent position of all — an honor which he clearly deserved. Instantly his fine old face lit up.

"Why," he said, "that will be awfully nice."

THE STAIRCASE

BY SJANNA SOLUM

This spacious, cool, white-paneled, lamp-lit hall —
 Scented with honeysuckle bloom tonight —
 Is filled with ghosts of you which tease and call
 To me to climb the staircase on the right,
 One hand upon the dark and shining rail;
 Each wide and shallow step invites ascent
 Up to the landing where a lunar-pale
 Light lies upon the window-seat, half bent
 In diamond-shapes; then, there are only three
 Low steps to reach the gracious rooms above —
 And one imperiously summons me:
 A moon-lit chamber memoried with love . . .
 Now, on reluctant feet I mount the stair —
 Knowing you are not there, you are not there!

THE LIBRARY



THE AMERICAN TRADITION

by BEN RAY REDMAN

IN THE two fat volumes entitled *The Shaping of the American Tradition* [\$7.50, Columbia University Press], Louis M. Hacker has written and put together an exceedingly valuable body of history. The work is especially valuable in these difficult days, for there has never been a time when it was more important for Americans to take stock of themselves, to understand their own political and economic character, and to know how they have become what they are. Mr. Hacker's historical survey, fortified by the documents which he has edited with the help of Helene S. Zahler, will do much to provide the thoughtful reader with the knowledge that is now so necessary. But it will not, of course, do everything. Far from it. For *The Shaping of the American Tradition*, useful as it is, cannot and is not meant to do the work of a small library. It has its obvious limitations, most of which are intentional.

Explaining the admirable plan

which he has pursued through more than 1200 large pages, Mr. Hacker writes:

It is the intention of this book — by the use of examples — to show how American ideas and institutions have been developed. Its materials fall into two parts: text and contemporary documents. The text, in effect a book in American history, serves as a series of introductions to the documents. These are fitted into a pattern which has been followed faithfully in nine of the eleven parts into which the book is divided. In each of the parts, in other words, four divisions have been set up: the American Mind, the American Scene, American Problems, and the United States and the World. It is hoped that, by these devices, the reader will be able to catch the body and the spirit, the enduring values and the transitory — albeit pressing — problems of the world in which Americans lived as they marched ahead to create a civilization.

In his own text the author has proved himself an informed and level-headed historian, whose interests are primarily economic; and in his choice of documents the emphasis upon the economic aspects of life is even heavier, although not heavy enough to exclude other matters of great interest. Few of these documents are famous, or even known to the fairly in-

dustrious reader of American history, while many have been taken from obscure sources. Some make dry, hard reading; others are more lively. But not one fails to serve well the purpose for which it has been selected. Perhaps a bit of sampling may best display their character.

In Part Four, under the general heading "Jacksonian Democracy," we find the American Mind represented by selections from Emerson's essays on Nature, Beauty and Discipline; by passages from Henry Carey's *Principles of Political Economy*, in which the author takes issue with Ricardo, insists on the common interest of employers and employed, and expresses unbounded faith in the American future; and by George Bancroft's celebration of the "masses," expressed in rotund periods and swelling phrases that might well make Henry Wallace envious. "The common mind," declared Bancroft in 1835, "is the true Parian marble, fit to be wrought into likeness to a God. The duty of America is to secure the culture and the happiness of the masses by their reliance on themselves."

Illustrating the American Scene, in this same part, we find excerpts from Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, one of the most famous documents drawn upon, in which the author distinguishes between equality and liberty, remarks on the "imitation" luxury, which he deems characteristic of democracy, and notes the speculative bent of the American farmer.

But it is when he comes to the

American Problems of Part Four that the author-editor marshals his heaviest artillery. Here we meet the following items. (1) A brief biography of an early American merchant, with its pious and once familiar conclusion "The life of such a man is a public benefaction." (2) Seth Luther's address to the working men of New England, in which he condemns the so-called American system, mocks those who would describe the cotton mills as "the principalities of the destitute, the palaces of the poor," but still declares: "We have one consolation — '*We are the majority.*'" (3) A plea, by Samuel F. B. Morse, that our immigration laws be so changed that "no foreigner who comes into the country after the law is passed shall ever be entitled to the right of suffrage." (4) A speech by Henry Clay, advocating federal aid for the improvement of roads, canals, etc. (5) A description of the railroad fever which had gripped the country in 1832, when lines were being projected, on paper, from everywhere to everywhere. (6) Webster's second reply to Hayne, on the Foote Resolution, with its famous peroration: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." (7) South Carolina's Ordinance of Nullification, which declared, as early as 1832, the resistance of that sovereign state to "the usurpations of the Federal Government." (8) Thomas Hart Benton's arguments against renewing the charter of the Second Bank of the United States. (9) Jackson's "Specie Circular" of

ly 1836, which "snapped the money market" and led straight to a six-year depression. (10) Some letters by Nicholas Biddle, regarding the Bank question. ("There is great reason for anxiety — none whatever for alarm — and with mutual confidence and courage, the country may yet be able to defend itself against the Government.") (11) Sydney Smith's witty and bitter denunciation of Pennsylvania for having repudiated its debt.

Under Part Four's final heading, "The United States and the World," are some papers connected with the genesis of the Monroe Doctrine, and an address by William H. Wharton, in which the speaker expounded the woes of Texas, to a New York audience, one week after Texan victory over the Mexicans at San Jacinto.

II

The organization of this part is typical, although all the threads which run through the eleven parts of the whole are not here represented. These chief threads, or topics, include: economic theory, trade, banking, manufacturing, production figures, politics, political philosophy, immigration, national income and its distribution, wages and prices, population figures, population shifts, agriculture, labor conditions and the international relations of the United States. Some of these threads disappear in one portion of the narrative, then rise again to prominence in another, but in the main they are consistently traced and illustrated. Mr. Hacker's general and

particular introductions manipulate them skilfully, interweave them with intelligence.

There are, however, other threads and topics, surely associated with the making of the American tradition, which are scarcely seen in this book. Science is almost ignored. Education is neglected. So are organized religion and the various institutions of community life. Art, including architecture, is invisible. Literature is scantied, with some snippets from Emerson, a few words by Thoreau on civil disobedience, and passages from Whitman's *Democratic Vistas*. Indeed, the whole cultural side of life is largely bypassed. Specifically, the documents which represent the American Mind are sadly deficient. I cannot believe, for example, that Wesley C. Mitchell's report on business cycles, made to President Harding, justly represents the best American thinking of the 1920s; yet it is the sole entry, under the American Mind, for that period.

Mr. Hacker's documents are comparatively weak, too, on the international side, although every selection is intrinsically interesting. And he takes no notice of the Marxist, counter-American, thinking which has influenced so many citizens of the United States during recent years. But when he turns, again and again, to the material which he groups under American Problems, he is strong and full and fruitful.

Speaking generally, we learn from this original text and its accompanying documents an enormous amount

regarding the economic foundations and processes of American life, but we get few clear views of the actual social picture in any given period. Crèvecoeur illuminates some aspects of colonial America in the 1760s. Dickens holds up a slightly crooked mirror, in which we may glimpse ourselves as we appeared to a jaundiced visitor in the 1840s. Bayard Taylor vividly describes the great western trek of 1849, and San Francisco in the early days of the Gold Rush. William Still's account of the escape of two slaves by way of the Underground Railroad is one of the liveliest items in the collection. The reports of Sidney Andrews and Edward King on the state of the South immediately after the Civil War, with the first describing what he saw along the track of Sherman's march to the sea, evoke social pictures in the reader's mind. But such documents as these are only a few among a multitude. Too often the American Scene is, according to Mr. Hacker's documentation, a statistical scene of markets, wages, prices, production and business cycles which move from boom to bust.

We see little of society in action. We are told what men and women earned, but not what they did with their money; nor are we given any description of the living-patterns towards which they aspired by way of ascending levels. Social faiths, manners, taboos — all are missing. We enter neither fraternal order nor country club. We hear no echoes from

the innumerable yearning ladies who make the fortunes of our American lecturers. Hollywood, with its real influence on American behavior and ideals, is ignored. No attempt is made to study the workings of our democratic, representative political machinery, either on the local or national level. Missing, too, are the figures of great leaders, with their potent accretions of legend. Such men as Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Wilson, are present as names, as sponsors of policy, but not as personalities or enduring forces.

In listing these lacks and limitations, I have no intention of carping, but would merely seek to define the nature of Mr. Hacker's accomplishment. It should be noted, finally, that his own text is more comprehensive than his documents; and it would indeed be an unperceptive person who could read them both without forming a clear idea of the American story, as it has developed stage by stage. And what, in short, is it? Nothing less than one of the world's great success stories.

III

It is a record of unbounded optimism, justified by extraordinary accomplishment. From the beginning America meant opportunity, an opportunity which has been magnificently realized. No one has hymned the American promise more eloquently than did J. Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur, when he personified this land and made it say:

Welcome to my shores, distressed European; bless the hour in which thou didst see my verdant fields, my fair navigable rivers, and my green mountains! — If thou wilt work, I have bread for thee; if thou wilt be honest, sober, and industrious, I have greater rewards to confer on thee — ease and independence. I will give thee fields to feed and clothe thee; a comfortable fireside to sit by, and tell thy children by what means thou hast prospered; and a decent bed to repose on. I shall endow thee beside with the immunities of a freeman. If thou wilt carefully educate thy children, teach them gratitude to God, and reverence to that government, that philanthropic government, which has collected here so many men and made them happy. I will also provide for thy progeny; and to every good man this ought to be the most holy, the most powerful, the most earnest wish he can possibly form, as well as the most consolatory prospect when he dies. Go thou and work and till; thou shalt prosper, provided thou be just, grateful, and industrious.

We can read this promise today without either blushes or sardonic laughter, for it has been kept to a remarkable degree. Not perfectly, of course. Not all those who have worked and tilled have prospered, even when they have been possessed of justice, gratitude and industry. We still have our unprivileged, our social outcasts; sometimes our starving. But life has been better here for more people, and increasingly better for an increasing number of people, than it has been in any other large country in the world. This is not sentiment; it is statistics. The America of the United States equals a great migration, a great asylum, a great effort and a great so-

cial achievement. There is more to be done, of course. There always is. But the task ahead should not make us contemptuous of the distance already traveled, or scornful of the ground on which we stand.

The Revolution of 1776 was born in hope, and inspired the same sentiment abroad. Turgot declared that the American people were the hope of the world, and might “become a *model* to it.” In England, Richard Price hailed “the revolution in favour of universal liberty which has taken place in *America*: — a revolution which opens a new prospect in human affairs, and begins a new era in the history of mankind.”

But it was not only thinkers like Turgot and Price who believed that they were witnessing the strange and new phenomenon of the sun rising in the west. Their opinion was shared by men who had hard money with which to back opinion; and as a result, as early as 1803, Mr. Hacker tells us, “almost one half of the American public and private issues of bonds and stocks were held abroad. . . . Total security issues (leaving out the state debts) came to \$129,700,000, of which \$59,000,000 were in foreign portfolios. The federal debt stood at \$81,000,000; foreign ownership accounted for \$43,000,000 of this.”

Such an investment represented a really amazing amount of faith in an infant republic that was not yet past its teething pains. (Of course, the Napoleonic Wars may have stimulated the westward flight of capital.)

But, within a short life's span, this faith was rudely shaken. The speculative boom, which had swelled during the 1820s and 1830s, collapsed in 1837; a number of states failed to meet interest payments, or repudiated their debts completely, with the result that "foreign investors lost \$40,000,000 in America and so outraged were they that European capital stayed away from our shores for almost a generation." This aloofness, however, did not keep the United States from moving into the railroad boom of the middle 1840s.

The cycle had been typical, and was to remain so, despite the retrospective disgust of the perfectionists who would reduce the chart of national prosperity to a single level line. We cannot say of our American achievement: We planned it that way. We can only say: Here it is, for what it's worth; and it's worth a lot.

The methods of accomplishment were not dictated by idealistic formulas. *Laissez faire* did its worst, but it also did its best. Self-interest, not always enlightened, made millionaires; but their millions were infinitesimal compared to the vast wealth which the process created for the nation. Business ethics were often those of a lumberjacks' brawl, in which the correct code of conduct permits, almost requires, the stronger fighter to put his boots to a weaker antagonist.

Yet the real wages of the workers advanced steadily, decade by decade, despite one or two temporary and

minor recessions. With this rising curve came a constant betterment of living conditions, which made impossible any trend towards the proletarianization of American labor. The base of prosperity, broad from the beginning, has become ever broader.

There was much waste, of course, in the process by which the United States became prosperous and great, and it is now fashionable to deplore the dissipation of public domain, the squandering of natural resources. But the quick, unparalleled accomplishment could be had only at a price. Looking back, we see that faults and virtues were inseparable components of a single action-pattern. "Had the public domain been carefully safeguarded," declares Mr. Hacker, "modern America could not have emerged."

And as for the tremendous waste of natural resources, we may be consoled by the thought that we are able to depend more and more upon unnatural, or scientific, resources.

IV

The story has been turbulent throughout its length, down to the present moment. Wars, foreign and civil; mass migrations, first across an ocean and then across a continent; booms and panics; ceaseless social flux and recurring social conflicts — these have been the elements of unending commotion. Indeed, there has been no stable period of any considerable duration in all our history. Yet certain persistent and potent factors

have, until recently, worked constantly towards the creation and continuation of what we call the American way of life. Mr. Hacker lists eight: the frontier, religious freedom, freedom of enterprise, the weak state (in relation to the individual), equality of opportunity, a strong middle class, democratic institutions, and the free interplay of parties and pressure groups.

These factors have served us well in the past, but we have reached a point in our history when we cannot depend upon all of them for the future. The frontier, in the old physical sense, is gone. Enterprise is less free than it was. The once weak state has taken long steps towards becoming a Welfare State, which would treat its citizens as wards: those poor creatures whom Wilson, with his brave plans for the New Freedom, so eloquently despised. (That backward steps will be taken from this position is nearly certain; but they may be only short steps.)

The areas of opportunity have contracted. The strong middle class is becoming less strong, in the face of an organized and militant working class which is rapidly altering the social balance of power.

It is, then, a crucial moment in our history that we have reached. Subjected to radical stresses from within and relentless pressure from without, we must undertake the task of so adjusting our whole economy that we shall succeed in making the American tradition a continuing faith by which

men may live, and the American way an enduring scheme of life in which men may happily prosper.

The difficulty of this task can hardly be exaggerated. But we are attempting even more, for we have chosen this particular moment to go into the export business; to sell abroad the very kind of democracy which is now being subjected to so severe a test at home. Or it may not be a question of choice at all. It may be that the task is one and indivisible.

If that is so, we have need for all our traditional optimism, and for all the determined action without which optimism is but idle dreaming. Too many of us, in our innocence, justify André Siegfried's words: "The Americans are a kindly people, but they cannot understand why others do not adopt their way of thinking and acting, with enthusiasm and gratitude. The superiority of their civilization seems so obvious to them that to question it seems as futile as denying the existence of the sun." Too many of us, in our innocence, believe that men have only to look upon the fair face of Democracy in order to love her at first sight.

v

It is not so. Democracy, no less than authoritarianism, is based upon faith. And faiths differ, even lethally. Those truths which the founding fathers held to be self-evident are so only when viewed from a certain religious and philosophical position. As F. E. L. Priestley, William Godwin's latest

editor, declares: "A political philosophy presupposes a moral philosophy; a moral philosophy rests upon metaphysical and psychological presuppositions."

Most of our earnest exporters of democracy do not go as deep as that in their thinking. They are concerned with forms: free elections, representative assemblies, governmental responsibility to the people. But the form is nothing without the spirit. The political motions are meaningless without the faith. "What is happening proves conclusively, I think," said John Dewey in 1937, "that unless democratic habits of thought and action are part of the fiber of a people, political democracy is insecure. It cannot stand in isolation. It must be buttressed by the presence of democratic methods in all social relationships."

We need look no further than the Weimar Republic to find a political democracy that was seemly in all its forms. The constitution was there, with the machinery necessary to make its provisions effective instruments of human security and freedom. But

the will to make the machinery work was absent.

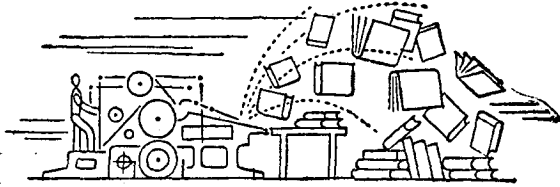
Here, then, is the fundamental question. How can we reach and inform that "fiber" of which John Dewey spoke? For if we cannot do that, we can, in the end, do nothing.

Our undertaking would, in the best of circumstances, be a venture against great odds. But we find ourselves in almost the worst of circumstances. We find ourselves in bitter competition with another active political exporter, and one whose product has, as regards mere distribution, a distinct superiority to our own. Indeed, his advantage is enormous, for, given half a chance, he can impose his hardy product upon even unwilling customers, whereas we can force our more fragile article upon no one under the sun. In other words:—Totalitarianism may come to men from without. Democracy can come to men only from within.

This is the weighted contest in which we are now engaged. There is good reason to believe that it may well prove the hardest enterprise of an audacious people.



THE CHECK LIST



BIOGRAPHY

HOWE & HUMMEL, *Their True and Scandalous History*, by Richard Rovere. \$2.75. Farrar, Straus. Howe & Hummel (William F. Howe and Abraham Hummel) was one of the most corrupt legal firms in the history of the country. It operated in New York City between 1869 and 1907, and handled murder cases, divorce cases, counterfeit cases — any cases, in fact, that would yield sizable sums of money, honest or dishonest. It was finally thrown out of business by the courts. Mr. Rovere writes about it out of a vast and fascinating fund of information, and in the quiet manner of the *New Yorker* magazine, where the substance of this book originally appeared. There is a fine nostalgic introduction by Judge James Garrett Wallace of the New York Court of General Sessions (the criminal court), and there are excellent illustrations by Reginald Marsh.

FERDINAND LASSALLE, *Romantic Revolutionary*, by David Footman. \$3.50. Yale. This is a personal (rather than political) biography of the brilliant megalomaniac who was Marx's closest competitor in the struggle for control of the German revolutionary movement in the mid-nineteenth century. Although Mr. Footman does not take a clearly-defined position for or against his subject, Lassalle certainly does not emerge as a very likable figure. His erudition and dialectical ability seem to have been remarkable, but he was incredibly arrogant, spiteful and malicious; and his messianic rhetoric often bore no relation to the crassness of his activities (he indulged in blackmail more than once). The author has made a generous and intelligent use of quotations from Lassalle's letters and diaries.

REILLY OF THE WHITE HOUSE, by Michael F. Reilly as told to William J. Slocum. \$3.00. Simon & Schuster. This latest contribution to the "Roosevelt and me" literature does not vary appreciably from the pattern set by many of its predecessors: there are the usual breathless descriptions of Churchill's little quips, the vodka party at Yalta, de Gaulle shaking hands with Giraud, the President's sleeping accommodations at Casablanca, etc. Mr. Reilly was the Secret Service agent in charge of guarding Roosevelt's life during the war, and the book contains some interesting material on anti-assassination techniques. Otherwise, it is built around a series of Roosevelt anecdotes, many of them not very new.

THEY SAW GANDHI, by John S. Hoyland. \$1.75. Fellowship Publications. The author of this unusual little volume has culled various episodes from Gandhi's autobiography and other accounts of his life, and then retold them in the first person. His aim is to vindicate Gandhi's policy of non-violent resistance or *satyagraha* by demonstrating its effectiveness in meeting concrete social ills like racial discrimination, poverty, drunkenness and unemployment. In so doing, he is occasionally carried away by his admiration for Gandhi; and a foreword by John Haynes Holmes invites quibbling when it attributes the winning of Indian independence directly to Gandhi's civil disobedience campaigns. The war and England's resultant impoverishment were surely also important.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE, with an introduction by Bradford A. Booth. \$3.75. California. In view of the amazing revival of interest in the works of An-

thony Trollope, it is well that his autobiography is now reissued in so excellent an edition and with so intelligent an introduction. Dr. Booth points out that Trollope was not a literary giant: he lacked profundity, his emotions were not too deep, and his philosophical resources were rather limited, but he had astounding honesty, he wrote lucidly, and he had an eye for a wide variety of characters. As of his novels, so of his autobiography: it is not subtle, or especially ingratiating, or even unusually heartwarming. But, as Dr. Booth says, "we do find stubborn idealism, patent sincerity, and clean, forthright exposition. That is perhaps enough for one masterpiece."

SOME DAYS WERE HAPPY, by Louis Sobel. \$2.75. *Random House*. These childhood reminiscences by the Broadway columnist include a number of anecdotes which can be fairly described as "heartwarming," and chances are that they may even touch a responsive chord in the hearts of others who, like Sobel, grew up in small towns. But there is also a certain amount of evidence that the author's early life was atypical. Even as a child he seems to have known which married women in his town were cutting up, what went on at the men's smokers, the story behind a number of murders, and a few other things which were not included in Huckleberry Finn's upbringing. But perhaps that's how columnists are made.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

TITO'S IMPERIAL COMMUNISM, by R. H. Markham. \$4.00. *North Carolina*. This fact-freighted volume is one of the most persuasive indictments of the new Yugoslav Communist régime that has yet appeared in print. Mr. Markham demonstrates that Tito's chief wartime objective was the elimination of his Yugoslav rivals rather than fighting the Germans; that his appeal was not based on orthodox Marxism, but rather on "total revolution . . . unlimited violence against every opponent . . . an attempt to explode every restraining force, every established institution that might be a stumbling block." There is an excellent chapter on the "Fascists in Tito's Ranks," and also a great deal of valuable information on Tito's relations with

other Communist dictators in the Balkans. It is regrettable that a volume containing so much useful material was not provided with an index.

THE PHILIPPINE STORY, by David Bernstein. \$3.75. *Farrar, Straus*. This is a brief but highly competent survey of a neglected sector of history. Though the writer was connected with the OWI early in the war, and later served as U. S. adviser to the Philippine government, he neither whitewashes nor condemns outright our island policy. The villains of this piece are the Generals MacArthur, *père et fils*. Arthur MacArthur, according to the author, led a coalition of reactionary American Army officers and business interests in opposition to Governor-General Taft's liberal policies in the first years of American rule. Son Douglas is accused of deliberately engineering the election to the presidency of the admitted collaborator, Roxas, with the backing of the great landowners. Bernstein ascribes the rise of the Communist-led Hukbalahap movement to our short-sighted refusal to support agrarian reform, and warns that continued dilatoriness in aiding Philippine reconstruction may drive the islanders into the arms of the Kremlin.

REPORT FROM SPAIN, by Emmet John Hughes. \$3.00. *Holt*. Mr. Hughes, a liberal Catholic journalist who was formerly in the diplomatic service in Madrid, has brought to this book an erudition, objectivity and clarity of thought which make it one of the most important works on Spain to appear in years. His profile of Franco and his analysis of the forces which keep him in power — especially his chapter on the Falange — are superb. Mr. Hughes is a fervent anti-fascist, and his explanation of the necessity for removing Franco is convincing, but he also makes a successful defense of our wartime policy of "expediency" in Spain (which he suggests was largely supported by the democratic forces in the country). But perhaps the chief value of this book rests in the wealth of background material it includes on modern Spanish history.

THE BRAZILIANS, *People of Tomorrow*, by Hernane Tavares de Sá. \$3.00. *John Day*. Despite his rather flamboyant title, the author of this book — a native Brazilian — has provided an excellent objective analysis of Brazilian conditions.

The book is pleasantly written and contains a vast amount of information on such matters as miscegenation and its relation to class differences in the country; on the fantastic profits of several new industries and the miserable economic conditions of the "thirty million economic zeros"; on the prodigious growth of such cities as São Paulo, which has increased from 50,000 to 1,500,000 inhabitants since 1870; on the various bottlenecks to a reasonable development of Brazilian industrialization (the country has one fourth of the world's iron ore, but is short on coal); and on the theocratic rule of the Jesuits in Southern Brazil, where "life went on according to strict rules, which included ringing of church bells at eleven every evening to remind man and wife to carry out their conjugal obligations."

DEMOCRACY AND EMPIRE IN THE CARIBBEANS, *A Contemporary Review*, by Paul Blanshard. \$5.00. *Macmillan*. Mr. Blanshard's volume provides the most comprehensive account available of the Caribbean islands under British, French and Dutch domination. It contains much material — most of it difficult to find elsewhere — on Jamaica, British Guiana, the Bahamas, Barbados, British Honduras, the British Weeward and Leeward Islands, the French islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe, the penal colony at Devil's Island, the Netherlands-owned Surinam, Curaçao and Aruba, and the American stakes in the region. The author, who lived in this region and visited almost every one of the islands, describes the political and social life of the natives: the methods of administration and exploitation of the colored population, and the growing opposition to this rule; the incipient labor movement; and the inevitable Communist attempts to profit on the native discontent. He indicates that in this region, which was colonized largely by imported Negro slaves and indentured East Indian servants, the rule of the white man is dying. Mr. Blanshard has appended a list of newspapers and magazines published in the area.

HISTORY

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SOVIET ECONOMIC SYSTEM, by Alexander Baykov. \$6.00. *Macmillan*. This fifth volume in the series

of studies being published by the British National Institute of Economic and Social Research is a good illustration of the pseudo-scholarship found in Stalinist academic circles. Dr. Baykov states in his preface that in preparing this history he used only "original sources," i.e., Soviet sources. The result is a catastrophe similar in many respects to the Webbs' *Soviet Communism*: much useful statistical material and many interesting quotations, but also a vast amount of credulous nonsense. In the latter category one conspicuous example is Dr. Baykov's discussion of "socialist emulation," a phenomenon which has been less politely called the speed-up system where it existed in non-Soviet countries. The author reports in all seriousness that "the idea of . . . working on a rest day 'for the Soviet land' was proposed by a workman in a letter to the Lenin-grad *Pravda*." There is no discussion of the place of forced labor in the Soviet economy.

THE SPANISH EMPIRE IN AMERICA, by Clarence H. Haring. \$5.00. *Oxford*. This volume by Professor Haring of Harvard, the author of several important works on the early history of Spanish colonization in this hemisphere, is probably the most authoritative study of institutional developments in Latin America from 1492 to the struggle for emancipation at the beginning of the nineteenth century. It contains a mine of information on the territorial, economic and political evolution of the Spanish colonial empire through three centuries, and on the various institutions of government — the Council of the Indies, the system of viceroys and *audiencias*, the provincial administrations and the municipalities. Haring describes with great clarity the relation of the various classes in this society, from the ruling group of native-born Spaniards down on to the creoles, the mestizos, the Indians, the mulattoes and the Negro slaves.

THE ARTS

ALL IN LINE. CARTOONS, by Saul Steinberg. \$25. *Penguin Books*. In this reprint appear some of the most wonderfully mad and deliciously irresponsible drawings of our time. Steinberg's drawings, which have appeared in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, and are a regular feature of other magazines, reveal a charm of observation

and a penetration of character compounded of quiet cynicism and vast compassion. His women are like no other women in contemporary art; they are preposterous and lovable at the same time. His men nearly always seem to be playing grown-up. But Steinberg can also be cruel, terribly cruel, when he is inflamed with a sense of wrong, as witness his drawing of Goering. Altogether, this volume is probably the best twenty-five cents' worth in the art world today.

POLISH JEWS, A PICTORIAL RECORD, by Roman Vishniac. \$3.75. *Schocken Books*. Out of about 2000 photographs of Eastern Jews taken in 1938, one year before Hitler arrived in Poland, Vishniac has selected 31 and had them reproduced in this volume. They are all excellent. In their variety they tell powerfully of a great and colorful community that Hitler pretty much wiped off the earth. There is an introductory essay by Abraham Joshua Heschel; unfortunately, it is long and a bit pompous. The eleven pages devoted to it might better have been given over to more reproductions of photographs.

ESSAYS

WALT WHITMAN'S BACKWARD GLANCES, edited by Sculley Bradley and John A. Stevenson. \$5.00. *Pennsylvania*. The editors reveal, probably for the first time, that at least four other essays of the same general nature preceded Whitman's celebrated paper, "A Backward Glance O'er Travel'd Roads." The four other essays are: "A Backward Glance On My Own Road," "How *Leaves of Grass* Was Made," "My Book and I," and "How I Made a Book." The first two, plus a facsimile of the first, are here reproduced in their entirety. Of course, the final essay, first published in *November Boughs*, 1888, is also reprinted *in toto*. There is an elaborate and excellent introduction, plus a detailed note on the texts. For Whitman devotees this volume will be of the highest value.

SPRING IN WASHINGTON, by Louis J. Halle, Jr. \$3.75. *William Sloane*. True to its title, this book tells of the coming of spring to the nation's capital. Mr. Halle, a naturalist, has undertaken "to be monitor of the Washington

seasons when the government wasn't looking." His account, which is reminiscent of Thoreau, speaks of the mystery of the winds and the changing skies, the leafing of trees and the coming of birds. Occasionally the author digresses to explore some philosophical bypath. Thus Pliny and Louis the Pious become the backdrop for some interesting revelations about black-and-white warblers, chats and Maryland yellowthroats. Though Mr. Halle is obviously at home in the ways of nature, his book has not been marred by the heavy hand of the pedant; throughout he maintains the touch of the artist who is animated not by the facts he has mastered but by the mystery of living things. There are magnificent illustrations by Francis Jacques.

POETRY

THE OLD MANDARIN, by Christopher Morley. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. This is a brand-new collection of Mr. Morley's "translations from the Chinese." They are very pleasant; they are, indeed, among Mr. Morley's happiest writings — brief, tart and full of sharp meaning. "Bauble for Critics," "Nature's Gentlewoman," "The Top of the Mind," and "History of Fiction" stand out, but only because this reader has just re-read them. All the poems are very good. The illustrations by Carl Rose are excellent.

POEMS BY SAMUEL GREENBERG, edited by Harold Holden and Jack McManis. \$3.00. *Holt*. Samuel Greenberg died in 1917, at the age of twenty-three. He had been brought from Vienna in 1900, left school in the seventh grade, worked dreadful hours in sweatshops, became tubercular, was sent from one hospital to another and finally died. He left about 600 poems, an autobiography and a short play. In this volume a generous number of his poems are published for the first time, and also his autobiography. It is known that Greenberg's work influenced Hart Crane, who saw some of his manuscripts. It is easy to understand why Crane was so impressed, why, indeed, all genuine poets have been impressed by Greenberg's work. All of it is truly directed, though much, naturally, does not quite succeed in intention. Those poems that are suc-

(Continued on page 510)

THE OPEN FORUM



IN DEFENSE OF MARRIAGE

SIR: I cannot let certain remarks in Henry Gerber's letter in "The Open Forum" for July go by the board. In the midst of his precise clarification of terms anent the subject of homosexuality, Mr. Gerber comes out with the following statements:

"For reasons of posterity, the powers that be insist that all men marry, found a home and have children. Every man and woman, therefore, is indirectly forced [*sic*] to suppress the homosexual part of his or her bisexual constitution. Sexual intercourse outside of marriage is verboten.

"But nature cares little for man-made laws and taboos and we Americans are known as a nation of law-breakers. One cannot enforce taboos in a free nation. Prohibitions never succeed because free men resent political interference in private affairs."

Does Mr. Gerber realize what he is saying here? Does he honestly and seriously believe that it is only the conventionality of mere "man-made laws" that channels the sexual appetite of man into marriage? Would he really seriously deny that "heterosexuality" has been the only *natural* attraction of man's sexual make-up from the time when man first left posterity any records of his life, and that the homosexual and bisexual "states of mind" — to use Mr. Gerber's terminology — are aberrations from nature? And did he never suspect, then, that such might be the demands of an objective order of things — and not just of "the powers that be"?

Then I suggest that Mr. Gerber study Westermarck, and a host of more recent scholars, whose exhaustive scientific study shows that marriage — and monogamous marriage to boot — has, from primitive times, been dictated by man's individual physical nature and the social need for the fitting procreation and education of the human offspring. Does Mr. Gerber believe that this plan

was merely the arbitrary scheme of some primeval efficiency expert intent on increasing the market for his stone ax-heads?

Does Mr. Gerber honestly maintain that *any* sexual attraction a man may feel (*i.e.*, any of the three above-mentioned) should be followed out if a given attitude of society should allow it; and does he hold that marriage is merely society's present unnatural police attempt at "sex regimentation" for the temporal good of that society?

Well, I humbly suggest that Mr. Gerber inspect some of the hospital cases who are paying the penalty that *nature*, and not man, is exacting for the flagrant transgression of her, and man's, law. Yet Mr. Gerber says that "nature cares little for man-made laws and taboos." I think he will find, on the contrary, that nature guards far more jealously than man himself the laws which man has founded on nature's blueprint. So that if Mr. Gerber thinks "freedom" in a "free nation" means the freedom to violate the laws of nature I am afraid he has another think coming. Does he find himself free to fall uphill, or to breathe under water, or to build airplanes contrary to the laws of aerodynamics?

I suggest too that Mr. Gerber study scholarship's evaluation of the importance that the corruption of marriage had among the causes contributing to the collapse of ancient civilizations — that of Rome in particular. Mere chance?

I further suggest that Mr. Gerber study the failure of Communist Russia's twenty-year attempt (abandoned about 1936) to do violence to the nature of marriage. Perhaps Mr. Gerber will protest that this about-face of Communist policy on marriage was merely done to halt the disintegration of Soviet society. Then I would suggest that he ponder whether man was constructed as he is with the sole purpose of creating

social chaos and disintegration. But maybe Mr. Gerber would agree even to this, since he seems to take a strange pride in the fact that "we Americans are known as a nation of law-breakers." If Mr. Gerber were absolutely logical, then, I presume that he would advocate abandoning the UN, for example, and embarking on a universal spree of wine, women, and song. For what can be the sense, other than mere convention, in enforcing *any* "taboos" in a "free nation" if by so doing you are frustrating what is "normal," and therefore good, in man?

But perhaps Mr. Gerber, deep down, feels that there may be after all a higher law than convention behind this "sex regimentation." I hope he does. However, to *know* that this natural law exists, and to know the Lawgiver behind it, demands only some clear, honest, *unprejudiced* thinking. This solution to the problem cannot possibly be understood nor accepted by one who has antecededly and intolerantly decided dogmatically that any notion of a wise, creative God objectivizing his rational plan into the universe is a medieval "taboo." To investigate scientifically as to whether or not a thing is an actuality you obviously first have to assent to its possibility.

CLINTON E. ALBERTSON

Alma, Cal.

HOMOSEXUALITY AGAIN

SIR: A letter from Mr. Henry Gerber anent homosexuality versus heterosexuality contributes I believe some valuable information but fails to plumb the depths of the problem involved. Sex is not merely glandular or organic as in the case of dogs, cats, etc. Only man experiences a sense of shame when he indulges his appetites and this gives the point of departure; namely, man alone has the power to use or abuse sex (domesticated and caged animals are man's doings). He differs from the animals in that he changes the survival instinct into one of power and power finds sex one of its quickest occasions for expression (Solomon's harem, etc., polygamy, etc.). Christianity offers the most adequate interpretation of sex life. Its view is that sex is not evil *per se* as the Platonists, etc., thought. Asceticism is discounted. The evil, it says, lies in the fact that sex is used to gratify selfishness or self-love. Most of the sex perversions are man's expression of loving himself unduly and wrongly. In fact, all sex indulgence carries with it a degree of selfish satisfaction. Man, in his freedom of choice, has broken with his true center and source of being, God

(the true good as love and brotherhood) and hence has thrown his inner life into disharmony trying to complete his life around his Self instead. Looking within he finds a clamor of various appetites, sex being the most imperious, and having no higher god to serve than himself, seeks to gratify these impulses. Out of this come our sexual aberrations and aberrations. Sex is twisted out of its true context which is for the continuation of the race and made an occasion for self-gratification or self-escape. Here lies the seat of the evil in sexual matters and this generation is singularly asperse in this direction because it has an undue amount of self-love growing out of our military victories and economic advantages and which someday will lead only to grief. . . .

PAUL BRINKMAN, JR.

Portland, Ore.

SIR: In regard to the Henry Gerber-Bergen Evans controversy. [See "The Open Forum" for July.]

By no means are homosexuals effeminate in every case. Your tough bruiser may be a confirmed sodomist, but he will scorn fellators and fellatrices and maybe knock you down if you compare him to them.

Many effeminate men are not by any means homosexual, but such fellators as I have known were effeminate and utterly unashamed of their stunts (for a while only).

Mr. Gerber refers to "the crime against nature, or buggery, as it is called in some Southern states." I never heard the expression "buggery" in a year's residence in the South. The word is English to the core, and is heard over there right and left.

Neither Mr. Gerber nor Mr. Evans says anything about bestiality, masochism, sadism, cunilinguism, or what have you. (Let's not overlook the Lesbian sisters either.)

In the days of horse cavalry the stables were carefully policed at night, and a light was kept burning; the beast fancier seldom went in for any other form of vice.

It is a favorite sport these days to accuse every great man of the past of being a "queerie," e.g., Caesar, Nelson, etc. I cannot speak for Caesar, but it is unlikely. As for Nelson, a man with guts enough to steal a huge section of the British Navy and go off on a cruise of his own to call on his girl (Lady Hamilton) is not likely to have been a degenerate.

Yes, the "queeries" are quite a gang when they get together, but I believe both Mr. Gerber and Mr. Evans are stretching it when they say we are, all of us, bisexual.

Another writer says that one per cent of us are "queeries"; while this is too low for some streets of Manhattan, it is too high for the average American village.

Mr. Gerber ridicules "gland" treatment, but I will say that the young science of endocrinology has fairly won its place, and I will recommend a study of "Practical Endocrinology" by M. A. Goldzieher, M.D.

The whole situation is saddening; all these departures from the normal are just so much weakening of the social structure, and anything that will eradicate this thing or lessen its incidence is that much help to suffering, sinful, mankind; and the cavalier attitude of fellows like Mr. Gerber will not help the situation.

Medical examinations, endocrinology, occasionally surgery and — more than any of the foregoing — a regard for the laws and ethics of the land and for religion, are of value. And I would remind Mr. Gerber also that the suicide rate among the fellators is very, very high. The poor wretches do not take their misfortune too lightly.

JOHN D. LANE, M.D.

Bennington, Vt.

SIR: I wish to thank you for publishing the letter written about homosexuals by Dr. Gerber in the July MERCURY. . . . Dr. Gerber certainly knows what he is writing about, and I agree with every sentence. . . .

WILLIAM HAMILTON

Arlington, Va.

MORE ON THE GI IN FRANCE

SIR: In the August issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY there is a letter in "The Open Forum" by a certain Merton Stickley, who seems to be quite agitated by the behavior of American troops in France "in the closing period of the war." I think that if Mr. Stickley had got over to France a little earlier, as I did, and seen a little combat, his attitude might have been different. He might not have been so ready to throw up his hands in pious horror at the sight of a few Americans who'd had too much to drink. He might not have been so ready to proclaim that the American troops were just as arrogant as the Germans. He might not have been so ready to sneer at the argument that the Americans won the war for France, and were entitled to some fun after V-E Day.

War is a pretty grim affair, Mr. Stickley, and it's about time you grew up to the fact that a man who's seen 100-odd days of combat is not

going to be the prim little gentleman that you seem to idealize.

HARRY A. SPEED

St. Petersburg, Fla.

PEACE WITH RUSSIA

SIR: Of late our relations with Russia have become somewhat strained. Since the two nations have been on the most friendly terms from the foundation of our republic — this in spite of the fact that their ideologies have always been very different — all good Americans and good Russians will regret the change. It would also seem almost axiomatic that under such conditions everything possible should be done to avoid further irritation, which recalls your three articles in the August MERCURY — "Wallace and the Communists," "I Was a 'Free' Russian," and "How Karl Marx Won the Civil War."

With the validity and logic of these three efforts I have no concern, nor do I impugn the motives of Lyons, Buligin or Kinel, the authors. However, I would call attention to the fact that the general effect of all these articles — and many others similar — is to irritate our former friend, and while each of the dissertations may contain some truth, their general tone and sentiment are unfortunate at this time. No one in this country today — except a few military officials and a few church officials — wants a war with Russia, and it is doubtful if anyone in Russia wants a war with us. Therefore, everything possible should be done to avoid further irritation rather than otherwise.

Both Buligin and Kinel stress the enormity of the official Russian methods of poisoning the minds of the youth with false propaganda. It is agreed that no crime is more heinous than this, yet are we in America guiltless? Witness our teaching of the fables of the mythical Jesus, the existence of a heaven and hell — taught, not as theories or beliefs, but as facts. Our histories are oftentimes so distorted that they are almost grotesque. Kinel mentioned the Russian teaching with reference to Lincoln and Washington. The Russian authors would certainly have to exert themselves if they misrepresent these two historical characters more than we do in America. A thousand books have been published on Lincoln. Very many of them are so absurd that they are silly. One popular volume claims Lincoln solved most of his problems by prayer. A foreword to one volume, written by a President of the United States, states that Lincoln "literally lived on his knees" in prayer, this notwithstanding

ing the fact that there is no authenticated case of anyone ever having seen Lincoln at prayer. So with Washington; our school histories, as well as our birthday celebrations, invariably have him praying at Valley Forge, yet he was never known to indulge in prayer at any time.

Buligin dwells upon the unfairness of the Russian elections. Does Russia tolerate anything as ridiculous and atrocious as our elections in the Southern states?

It is maintained that the Russian press is not free. Is the American press free? Is there a newspaper in the country which dares print the truth in regard to the church?

Russia's control of her "satellite" states is deplored in one of the articles. After we stole Hawaii, Panama and Puerto Rico, how much freedom did we allow them? In other words, we of the land of the free and home of the brave are not in too favorable a position to criticize any other country in regard to mistreatment of minorities.

Let us have peace!

IRA D. CARDIFF

Yakima, Wash.

THE REALITY OF HELL

SIR: In the August issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY [see "The Open Forum"] Clara Dwight Fulton gave a few verses from the Bible trying to prove there isn't a hell, a life after death. Writer Fulton is very ignorant and misinformed on the issue of immortality according to the real interpretation of the Bible.

Her references were as true as could be, but anyone can take a single verse from the Bible and misconstrue or interpret it a hundred different ways. To get the true meaning of a verse it is necessary to read several verses or even chapters before and after it.

She referred the reader to twelve verses which were very deluding if read as a single passage. I wonder if she has ever read The Revelation, or maybe she has and is afraid to admit to herself and others what will actually take place after death. Of course, the body goes to the grave, but our souls live on forever.

Several pages of Bible verses could be given to prove without a shadow of a doubt that there is after death an eternal heaven for the saved as well as an everlasting hell for the unsaved.

LAURICE WALKER

Thomasville, Ga.

SIR: With THE AMERICAN MERCURY as my guide I sat down for Bible study. Subject: Hell. De-

bunked." Alas, confidence in my teacher (Clara Dwight Fulton) evaporates when I see her faulty exegesis and the tenuous logic upon which she supports her thesis: There is no life after death.

The only passages deserving serious consideration are those cited from Job and Ecclesiastes. Job says those that go down to the grave come up no more. Is our experience to the contrary? Though we may believe as Job does (19-26) in the bodily resurrection, we bury our dead with finality. The writer of Ecclesiastes carries us with him through his excursions into doubt, materialism and extreme pessimism into his conclusions, among which is: "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." (Ecc. 12-13, 14.)

It is gratifying to know, if true, that there is "much discussion . . . as to whether there is a hell." From my observations, man is too little concerned with his ultimate destiny. Christ says: "He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

WARREN N. POTTS

Jackson, Miss.

SIR: In your August issue Clara Dwight Fulton refers to Psalm 145-20 and other passages. According to these verses, she says, there is no life after death. So what? She doesn't believe the Scriptures, does she?

THEODORE SIEK

Grand Coulee, Wash.

THE ALCOHOLIC AGAIN

SIR: Mr. Thomas F. McCarthy's comments [see "The Open Forum" for August] on Reverend Smith's article, "New Facts about the Hang-over" [see the April MERCURY] are interesting but not constructive. Even if only *one per cent* (his italics) are problem drinkers or alcoholics, we have 1.3 million such problems. If you multiply that by those caught in the dizzy merry-go-round — family, associates, accident victims, etc. — you have a considerable number, probably near five million, with its resultant wide damage to life, limb, property and economy.

Mr. McCarthy suggests that we call the doctor rather than the patrol wagon. But what use would the doctor be? Give him a shot, paraldehyde, or another drink of whisky? Or call in AA? Old doc, and young too, is pretty helpless.

To effectively treat the alcoholic, and hope to get a cure, requires institutionalizing him, as one does the tubercular, or cardiac or mental patient. If ever there would have at least one

well-staffed and properly conducted sanatorium, alcoholism would be reduced to 1/100 of one per cent.

A small portion of the taxes collected from the industry and the alcohol-consuming public would adequately finance such a program, long since overdue.

Let's start the ball rolling and save the alcoholic. The contemplated Federal Hospital program would be a good beginning.

MAURICE KOVNAV, M.D.

Staten Island, N. Y.

LYONS VERSUS WALLACE

SIR: Your Mr. Eugene Lyons in his article in the August *MERCURY* on "Wallace and the Communists" charges Wallace with being confused, or worse. Some think that Mr. Lyons is confused, or worse; that he is confused or that Mr. Lyons is just plain lyin'. Men will do that when emotionally aroused, as Mr. Lyons evidently was when he wrote the article, men who would spurn to distort the truth otherwise.

Wallace has been frequently "disposed of" by editors and columnists as a crackpot, a dreamy theorist, a fool, a traitor to his country, etc. It would seem that one who thinks everybody should have enough to eat and to wear is not normal. That is what Wallace is consistently urging, that with proper administration there is enough for all to live in peace and security.

The throngs that packed the Wallace meetings in the West didn't pay merely to see a show; they represent the people who are tired of the baloney and shenanigans of both Republicrats and Demopublicans — Tweedledum and Tweedledee as at present constituted.

JOSEPH SANTOS

Savannah, Ga.

SIR: I want to extend my appreciation to Mr. Eugene Lyons for his forthright, sincere and honest enlightenment. . . .

ANTHONY ARTHUR KOPAZ

Dublin, Ireland.

"MRS. EDDY"

SIR: I wish to register my admiration of your criticism of the book *Mrs. Eddy* by H. A. S. Kennedy in the August number of the *MERCURY* [see "The Check List"]. It is very refreshing to find an editor who frankly and boldly discusses a book dealing with a religion, in view of the fact

that such criticism, because of the financial loss which it might entail, is almost always considered taboo in the public prints.

I find too that most of my Christian Science friends read avidly all literature written by "Scientists" and their publicists and thoroughly believe in them. Anything of a critical nature is rarely read and never believed.

Their attitude reminds me of the time-honored dictum of Confucius, who preceded Mrs. Eddy by some 24 centuries: "Learning without thinking is useless. Thinking without learning is dangerous."

Again I thank you for being more interested in the truth than in the worship of Mammon.

ALBERT S. TENNEY, M.D.

East Orange, N. J.

LOUIS BRANDEIS AND COMMUNISM

SIR: I read Alpheus Thomas Mason's article, "Louis Brandeis: People's Attorney," in the April *MERCURY*. It couldn't have been more timely. He quotes Brandeis as saying: "The greatest factors making for communism, socialism or anarchy among a free people are the excesses of capital. The talk of the agitator does not advance socialism a step. The great captains of industry and finance . . . are the chief makers of socialism." According to this, the way to destroy or circumvent communism is to reform capitalism. . . .

WM. CROCKER

Prescott, Ariz.

MORE EVIDENCE ON BATS

SIR: Re Bergen Evans' "Skeptics' Corner" in the July *MERCURY*: I've never known bats to get into the hair, but I take it it's possible and probably has happened, since I have a friend who was struck twice in succession on the forehead by the same bat. We can probably assume an abnormality in that particular bat; or the conditions under which he flew. It was in her kitchen, in the afternoon on a sunny day. I have never had bats in the house during the day, but one did fly straight past me as I lay in the hammock. It went to the nearest tree trunk, where it clung against the bark, apparently asleep and unconcerned that I was watching it only a yard or so away.

MARGERY MANSFIELD

Monterey, Mass.

BOOKS and WORLD RECOVERY

THE desperate and continued need for American publications to serve as tools for physical and intellectual reconstruction abroad has been made vividly apparent by appeals from men of learning in many lands, and by Americans who have seen this need. The American Book Center for War Devastated Libraries has, during the last year and a half, shipped nearly 1,000,000 volumes of highly selected books and periodicals abroad.

The Book Center, continuing its program through 1947, is making a renewed appeal for donations of books and periodicals, for publications of intellectual merit in all fields, and especially for volumes published in the last ten years. Of particular value are complete or incomplete files of AMERICAN MERCURY. Such donations will help in the reconstruction which must preface world understanding and peace.

Ship contributions to the American Book Center, % the Library of Congress, Washington 25, D. C., freight prepaid, or write to the Book Center for further information.

THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 504)

cessful are startlingly beautiful. "To Dear Daniel" is one of the most lyrical, most tender, most perfectly written things in all American literature. It recalls John Donne and Emily Dickinson, yet it has an individuality of its own. It is overwhelming in its impact. Greenberg also was talented in his prose, as his autobiography shows, though his heart clearly was in his verse. Allen Tate contributes a cautious preface. It adds nothing to the value of the book.

MISCELLANEOUS

STOP ANNOYING YOUR CHILDREN, by W. W. Bauer. \$2.75. *Bobbs-Merrill*. Dr. Bauer, who is director of the Bureau of Health Education of the American Medical Association and an old and valued contributor to THE AMERICAN MERCURY, shows with case histories of so-called problem children that what ails them chiefly is their problem parents. He takes in every aspect of the child's life — eating, playing, sleeping and being a member of society — and has much to say that is obviously sensible and should be helpful to all parents — and their childless friends who play with their children. There are several useful bibliographies, but an index is lacking.

THE RED PLOTTERS, by Hamilton Fish. \$1.00. *Domestic and Foreign Affairs*. The blatant vulgarity of Mr. Fish's journalism is on a par with the Communists'. In this confused, rambling and chaotically organized book there are, however, a number of points of interest. Mr. Fish is still attempting to combine isolationism with anti-Communism, and the result is that in many instances he winds up on the same side of the fence as the fellow-travelers: the Truman doctrine he attacks as "dollar imperialism"; the UN, despite its defects, should be given "a decent chance"; the Chinese Communists are "Agrarian Socialists," rather than totalitarians. A large proportion of the book is made up of quotations from such experts on Communism as Monsignor Fulton Sheen, Upton Close and Clare Hoffman, and when all else fails Mr. Fish quotes himself.

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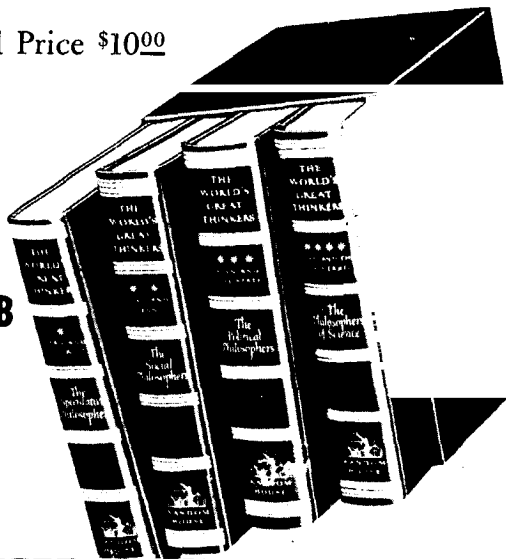
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